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THE ROYAL
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FIFTY MODERN ENGLISH SONGS

BOOSEY & HAWKES

III

FIFTY MODERN ENGLISH SONGS

Selected by
and Published for

THE SOCIETY OF ENGLISH SINGERS

CURRENT PRICE
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PREFACE.

THE songs in this volume have been compiled by the Society of English Singers. There are many existing volumes of classical and non-copyright songs, but this is the first time that a collection of songs by contemporary British composers has been published in book-form, and the Society wishes to express its sincere gratitude to the individual composers, or their representatives, and to the publishers without whose patriotic co-operation the scheme could not have been carried out.

The object of those concerned has been to bring within the reach of all a representative set of songs by contemporary, or recent, British musicians with English words and guaranteed as intrinsically good.

The book should be invaluable to training colleges, schools and teachers throughout the Empire and of real help to the individual singer, professional or amateur, whose heart is in the right place but who is in need of advice in the matter of selection. Many, if not all, of the songs can be sung as Unison-songs and there is no fee or licence of any sort attaching to their public performance. They have been printed, so far as possible, in the original keys, but many of them are also published separately in other keys, and where this is the case a foot-note to this effect appears on the first page of the song.

The compilers have no financial interest in the undertaking, and have therefore no hesitation in recommending it to the public. The present volume, they hope, is only the first of a series.

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THE FAIRY LOUGH.

(from "An Irish Idyll")

Words by
MOIRA O'NEILL.
From "Songs of the Glens of Antrim"
(by permission of the Authoress & Messrs Wm Blackwood & Sons.)

Music by
C. V. STANFORD.
Op. 77.

Andante molto tranquillo.

Voice

Piano.

p *poco*

Lough - a - reem - a! Lough-a - reem - a Lies so high.... a-mong the hea - ther; A lit - tle lough, a dark lough, The wa - ther's black an' deep. Ould

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Also published separately in the keys of D & F.

he - rons go a - fish - in' there, An'

pp

sea - gulls all ..... to - ge - - ther Float

roun' the one green is - land On the fair - y lough a - sleep. .....

Lough - a - reem - - a, Lough - a -

- reem - - a; When the sun goes down at sev-en, When the

hills are dark..... an' *air - y,* 'Tis a cur-lew whistles sweet!

Then some-thin' rus-tles all the reeds That

stand so thick..... an' e - ven; A

ppp

lit - tle wave runs up the shore An' flees,

as if on feet. Lough-a -

rall. *a tempo*

- reem - - a, Lough-a - reem - - a! Stars come out, an' stars are

rall. *a tempo*

hi - din; The wa-ther whis-pers on the stones,..... The

flit - ther-in' moths are free. One'st be-fore the morn - in'

ppp

light The Horse-men will come ri - din' Roun' an'

roun' the fair - - y lough, ...

Più lento

An' no one there..... to see.

ppp

Lough - a - reem - - a!

pp

Lough - a - reem - - a!

ppp

LOVE'S PHILOSOPHY.

Words by
SHELLEY.

Music by
ROGER QUILTER.
Op. 3, No 1.

Molto allegro con moto. (♩=112.)

Voice.

Piano.

mf

The foun-tains min - - gle with the ri - ver And the ri - - vers with the o-cean; The winds of Heav'n..... mix for ev - er With a sweet e - mo - tion. No-thing in the world is

Ped. * Ped. *

Also published separately in C D & F.

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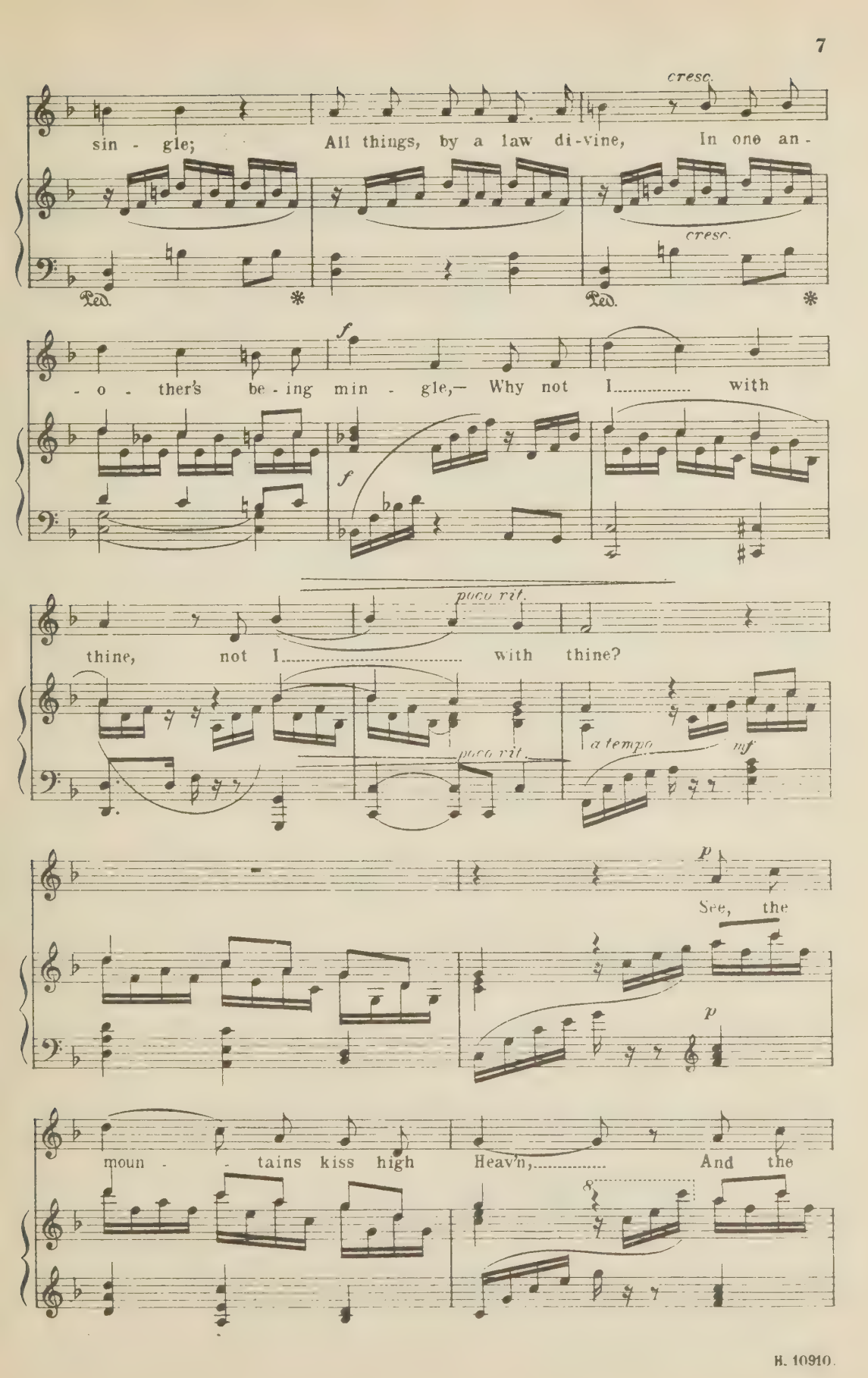

cresc.
sin - gle; All things, by a law di-vine, In one an-
Ped. * Ped. *
cresc.
f
- o - ther's be - ing min - gle,— Why not I..... with
f
poco rit.
thine, not I..... with thine?
poco rit.
a tempo
mf
p
See, the
p
moun - - tains kiss high Heav'n,..... And the

waves clasp one an - o-ther; No sis - ter flower would be for -

Ped. *

- giv'n If it dis - dained its

Ped. *

agitato

bro - ther. And the sun - light clasps the

agitato

earth, And the moon - beams kiss the

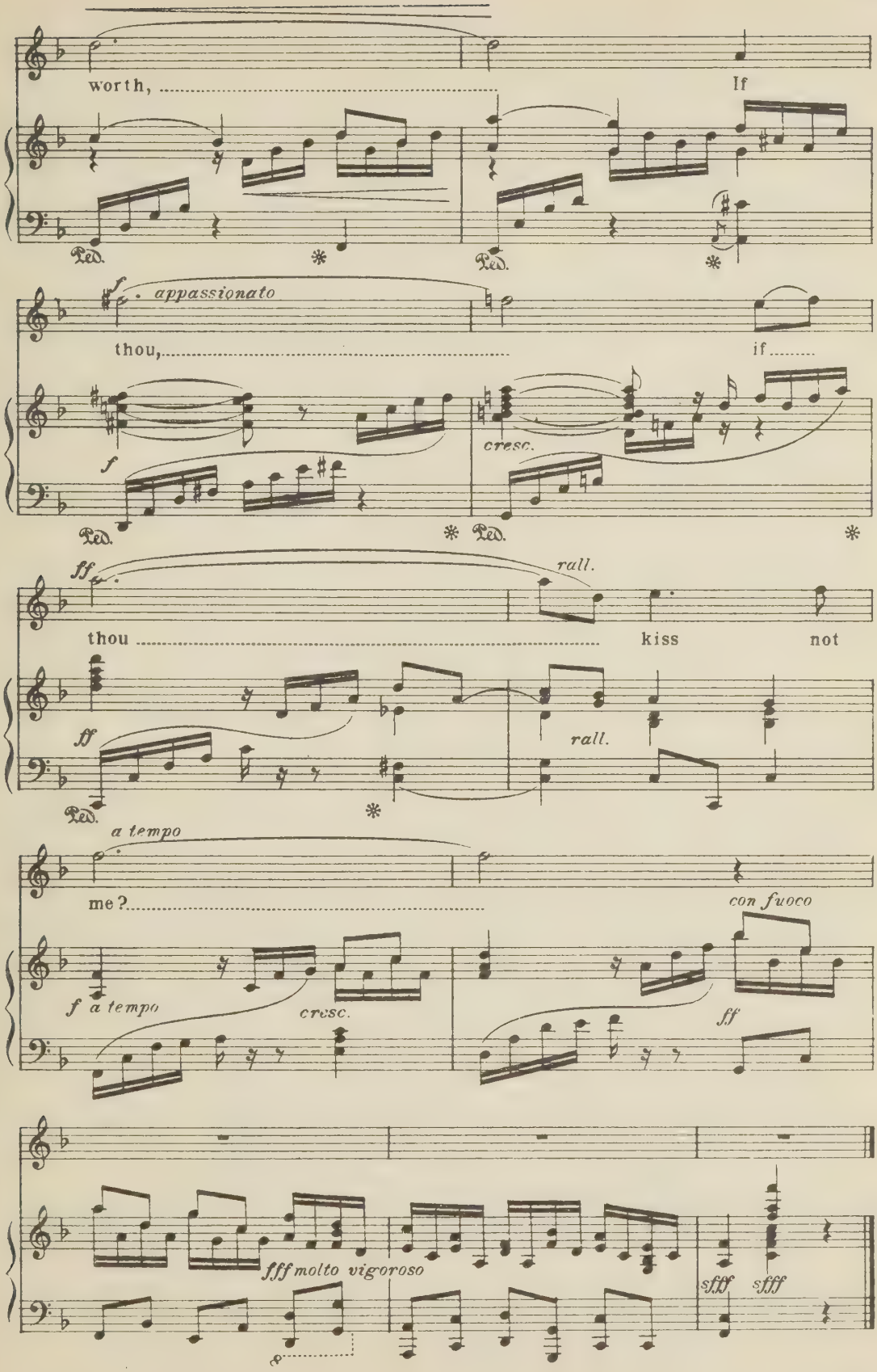
Ped. *

cresc.

sea,..... What are all these kiss - ings

cresc.

Ped.


worth, If
Ped. * Ped. *
f appassionato
thou, if
f cresc.
Ped. * Ped. *
ff rall.
thou kiss not
ff rall.
Ped. *
a tempo
me?
con fuoco
f a tempo cresc. ff
fff molto vigoroso
sfff sfff

ELDORADO.

Words by
EDGAR ALLAN POE.
(by permission of the publishers of E. A. Poe's complete works, A. C. Armstrong & Son, New York.)

Music by
R. H. WALTHEW.

Allegro giusto.

Voice.

Piano.

p

senza Ped.

Gai - ly be-dight, A gal - lant knight, In sun - shine and in sha - - - dow, Had jour - neyed long, Sing - ing a song, In search of El - do - ra - - - - do. But he grew old— This knight so bold, And

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Also published separately in C & D.

o'er his heart a sha - - - - dow Fell,.....

..... as he found No spot of ground That looked like El - - do -

- ra - - - - do.....

And as his strength Failed him at length, He met a pil - grim

sha - - - dow_ "Sha-dow," said he, "Where can it be_ This

land of El - do - ra - - - do?"

rall.

pp più lento

"O - ver the Mountains of the Moon, Down the Val-ley of the

più lento pp

Tempo I°

ma poco rit.

Sha - - - dow, Ride, bold-ly ride," The

Shade re-plied, "If you seek for El-do - ra - - - -

- do!"

dim. al fine.

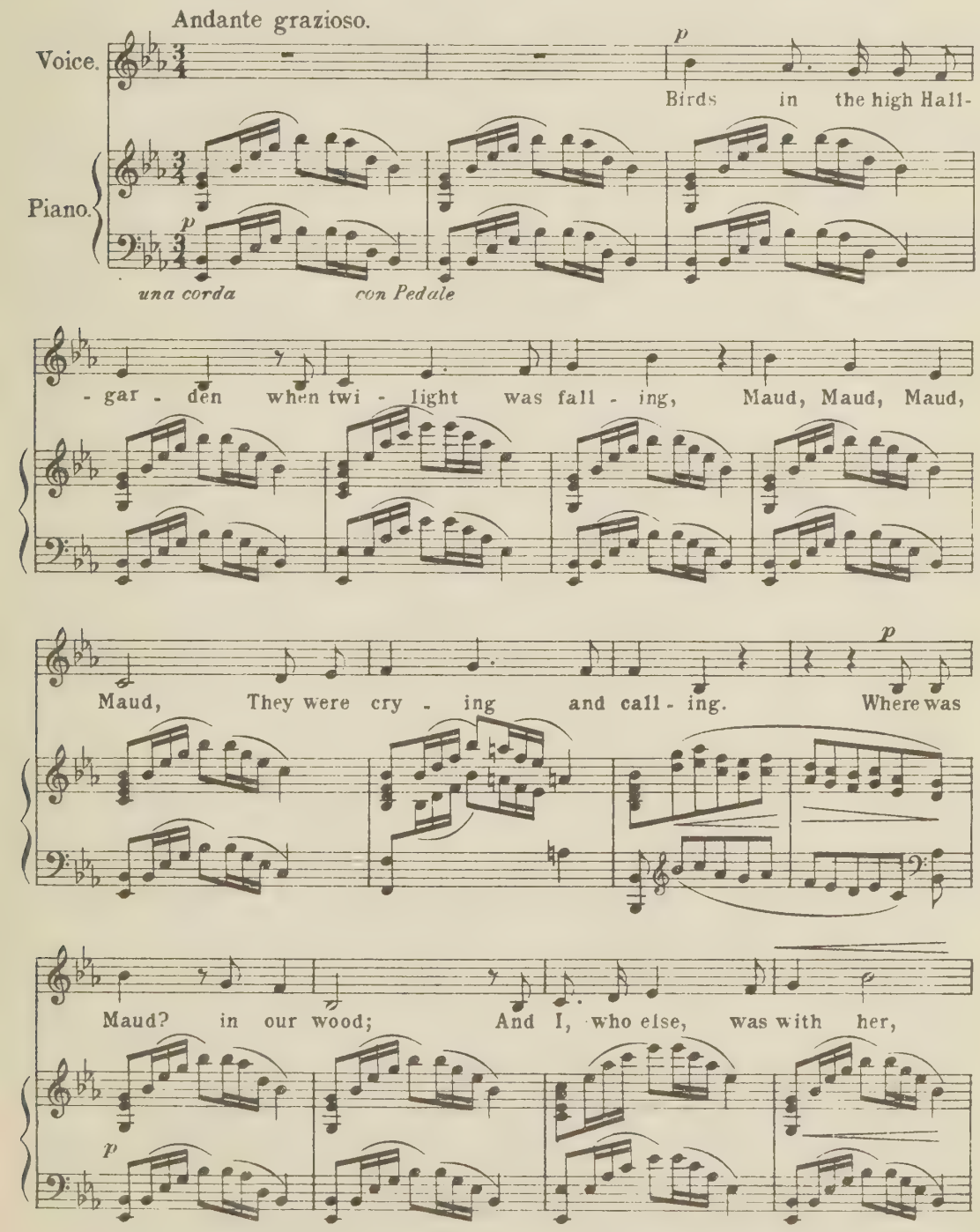
ppp

BIRDS IN THE HIGH HALL - GARDEN.

(from "A Cycle of Songs from Tennyson's 'Maud.'")

Words by
TENNYSON.
(by kind permission of Messrs. Macmillan & Co)

Music by
ARTHUR SOMERVELL.



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Gather - - ing wood-land li - lies, My - riads blow to-

-ge - ther. Birds in our wood

sang Ring-ing thro' the val-leys, Maud is here, here,

here In a - mong the li - lies. I

kissed her slen-der hand, She took the kiss se - date-ly; Maud is not sev-en-

- teen, But she is tall and state - ly.

pp

p

I know the way she went

p

Home with her maid - en pos - y, For her feet have touched the

mea - dows And left the dai - sies ro - - -

- sy

pp

YOUTH AND LOVE.

(from "Songs of Travel," part 2.)

Words by
R. L. STEVENSON.
(by permission of Messrs. Chatto & Windus.)

Music by
R. VAUGHAN WILLIAMS.

Andante sostenuto.

Piano.

p espressivo, tempo rubato.

p

To the heart of youth the world ..... is a high - way side. Pass - ing..... for ev - - er,..... he fares;..... and on

poco f

p

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pp

ei - - - ther hand, Deep..... in the gar - dens

pp

gol-den pav-il - - ions hide, Nes-tle in or - - chard bloom,...

pp *misterioso*

..... and far ..... on the lev - - - el land

pp misterioso

mf

Call him with light-ed lamp..... in the

p

mf

dim.

ev - - - - en - tide.

p dim.

Poco animando.

Thick as stars..... at night when the

pp

Ped. ✻ Ped.

f risoluto

moon is down Pleas-ures as-sail him. He to his

f risoluto

✻ Ped. ✻

affrettando.

no - - bler fate Fares;..... and but waves a

sempre f cresc.

affrettando.

hand as he passes on, Cries ..... but a

Più mosso

ff

ff

Più mosso

ff

way - side word to her..... at the gar - den gate,

Più mosso.

pp

Sings..... but a boy - ish

pp Più mosso.

Ped. * Ped.

rall.

Tempo I.

stave and his face is gone,

Tempo I.

rall.

pp

pp

is gone.....

pp

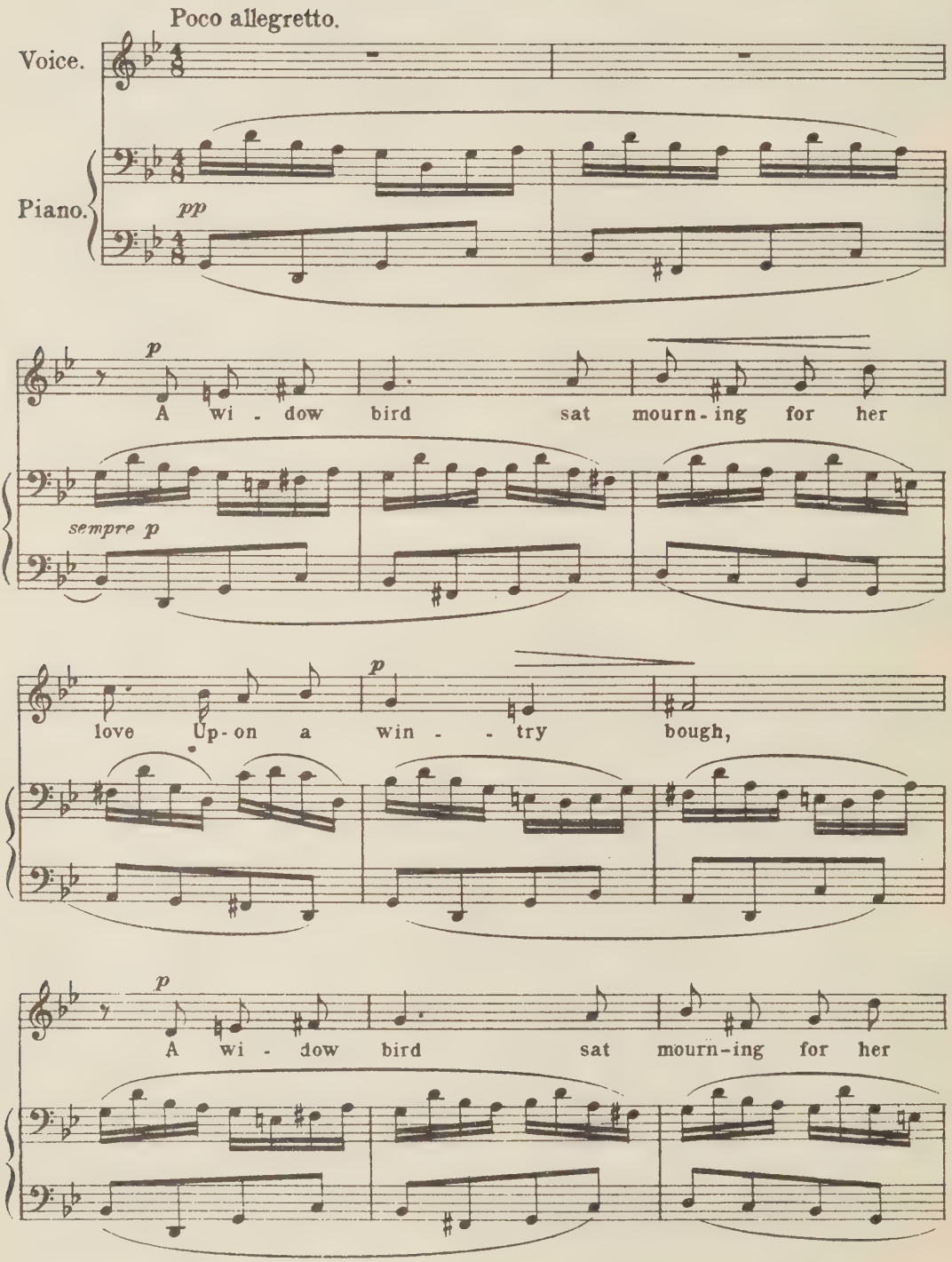
sempre rall. e dim.

To
H. Plunket Greene.

A WIDOW BIRD SAT MOURNING.

Words by
SHELLEY.

Music by
B. LUARD SELBY.



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pp

love Up-on a win - try bough; The

fro - zen wind crept on a - bove,.....

mf *poco rit.* *f*

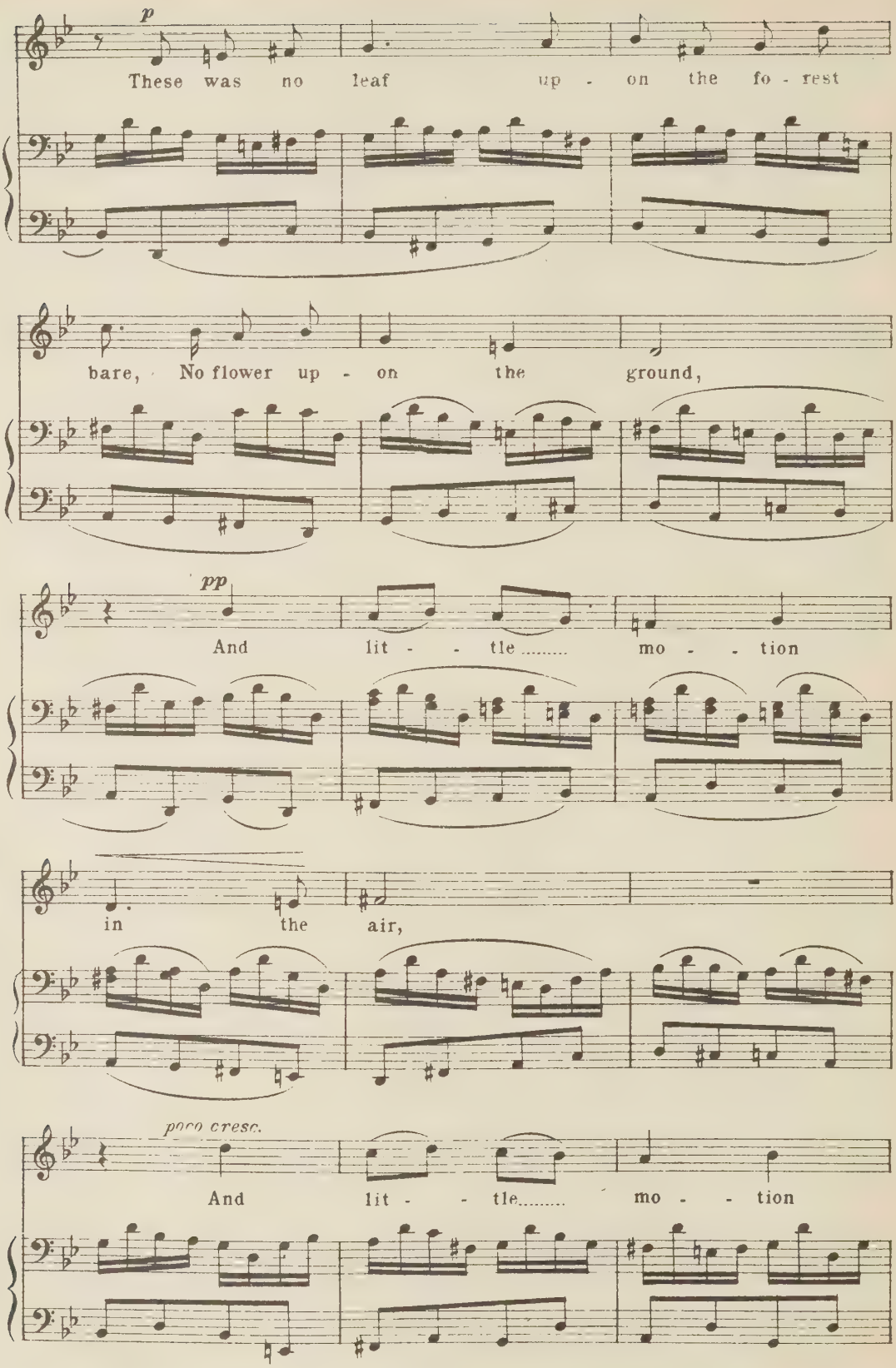
..... The freez - ing stream be - - low.

poco rit.

p

There was no leaf up - on the fo - rest

bare, No flower up - on the ground,


p
These was no leaf up - on the fo - rest
bare, No flower up - on the ground,
pp
And lit - - tle..... mo - - tion
in the air,
poco cresc.
And lit - - tle..... mo - - tion

in the air ..... Ex - -

- cept the..... mill wheel's sound,.....

poco rall.

..... ex - - cept the..... mill - wheel's

sound. .....

.....

dim. *rall.*

A LULLABY.

Words from PATIENT GRISSEL by
THOMAS DEKKER.
(Circa A.D. 1600.)

Music by
C. VILLIERS STANFORD.
Op. 19. No 2.

Adagio.

Voice.

Piano.

p

Gold - en slum - bers

pp legatissimo

kiss your eyes,..... Smiles a-wake you when you rise,.....

Sleep, pret-ty wantons, do not cry, And I will sing.... a

cresc.

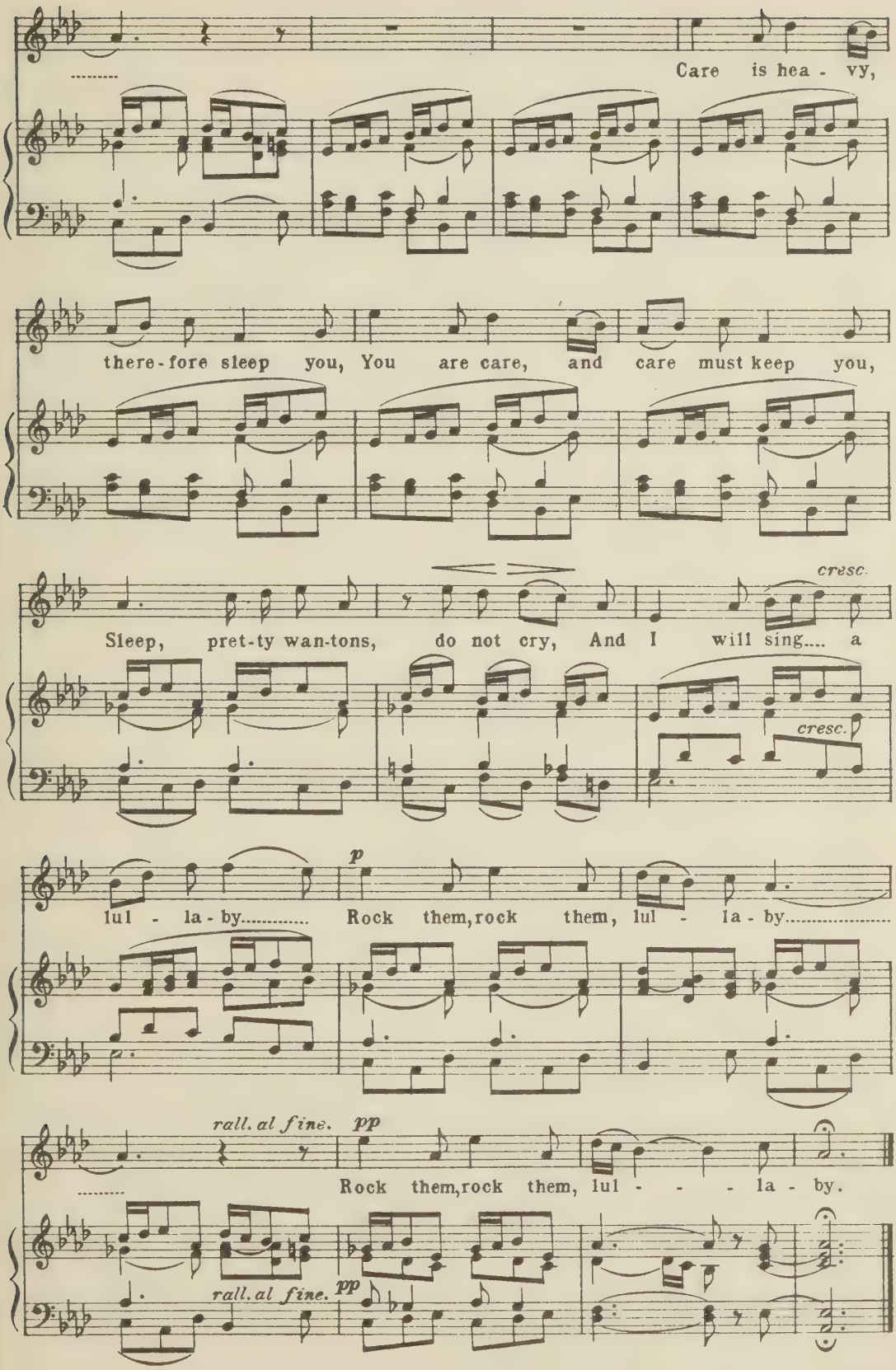
cresc.

lul - la - by,..... Rock them, rock them, lul - la - by.....

pp

pp

pp


Care is hea - vy,
there - fore sleep you, You are care, and care must keep you,
cresc.
Sleep, pret-ty wan-tons, do not cry, And I will sing.... a
cresc.
p
lul - la - by..... Rock them, rock them, lul - la - by.....
rall. al fine.
pp
Rock them, rock them, lul - - - la - by.
rall. al fine.
pp

BIRD OF BLUE.

Words by
"CHRYSTABEL."

Music by
EDWARD GERMAN.

Allegro agitato. ♩=88.

Voice.

Piano.

f *mf* *rit*

a tempo

All thro' life we're look - ing for you, Lit-tle Bird of

p a tempo

Ped. ✻ Ped. ✻

Blue! Cer - tain - ly you'll bring us ro - ses,

Ped. ✻

Though they're bound with rue, ... they're bound with

Ped. ✻ Ped. ✻

Also published separately in D♭ E♭ & F.

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rue, When on wings you swift - ly fly;

Will you so - journ by and bye, ...

rall

p rall.

a tempo

Just where we would have you tar - ry, Where the winds of

animato

p a tempo

hea - ven car - ry Mes - sa - ges for you, ...

rall

p

rall.

p a tempo

Lit - tle Bird! Lit - tle Bird! Lit - tle Bird of Blue?

rit.

a tempo

pp a tempo

rit.

a tempo

f *mf* *rit.*

a tempo

Oh! we're want-ing you for al-ways, Lit-tle Bird of Blue!

p a tempo

Ped. * Ped. * Ped. *

Come, and bring us crowns of ro-ses,— All un-touch'd of rue,.....

* Ped. * Ped. *

cresc.

..... un-touch'd of rue: Stay with us, and

Ped. *

wing it ne-ver,— Hap-pi-ness be ours for ev-er;.....

rall. f a tempo

Joy shall come to those who sor- row,

rall f a tempo

Ped. *

Meno mosso

Noon shall crown our Life's to-mor- row, God's own Min-strel

f p

Ped. * Ped. * Ped.

rall. p a tempo

you! Lit-tle Bird! Lit-tle Bird!

rall.

* Ped. * Ped. *

f rall.

Lit-tle Bird of Blue! Ah!

allargando f rall. p

Ped.

p ad lib.

Lit-tle Bird of Blue!

colla voce pp ppp

* Ped. *

COME INTO THE GARDEN, MAUD.

(From "A Cycle of Songs from Tennyson's 'Maud.'")

Words by
TENNYSON.
By kind permission of Messrs. Macmillan & Co

Music by
ARTHUR SOMERVELL.

Non troppo allegro.

Voice.

Piano.

Come in-to the gar - den,

pp

una corda

Maud, ... For the black bat, night, has flown, ...

Come in-to the gar - - den, Maud, I am here at the

gate ..... a - lone; And the wood-bine spi - ces are

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mf

waft - ed a-broad, And the musk of the rose is blown. For a

breeze of morn - ing moves, And the pla - net of Love is on

high, Be - gin - ning to faint in the light she loves On a

p

bed of daf - fo-dil sky, To faint in the light of the

sun that she loves, To faint in his light, and to die.

mf

All night have the ro - ses heard..... The

flute, vi-o-lin, bas - soon; All night has the case - ment

jess - a-mine stirred To the dan - cers danc - ing in tune; Till a

si - lence fell with the wa - king bird, And a hush with the set - ting

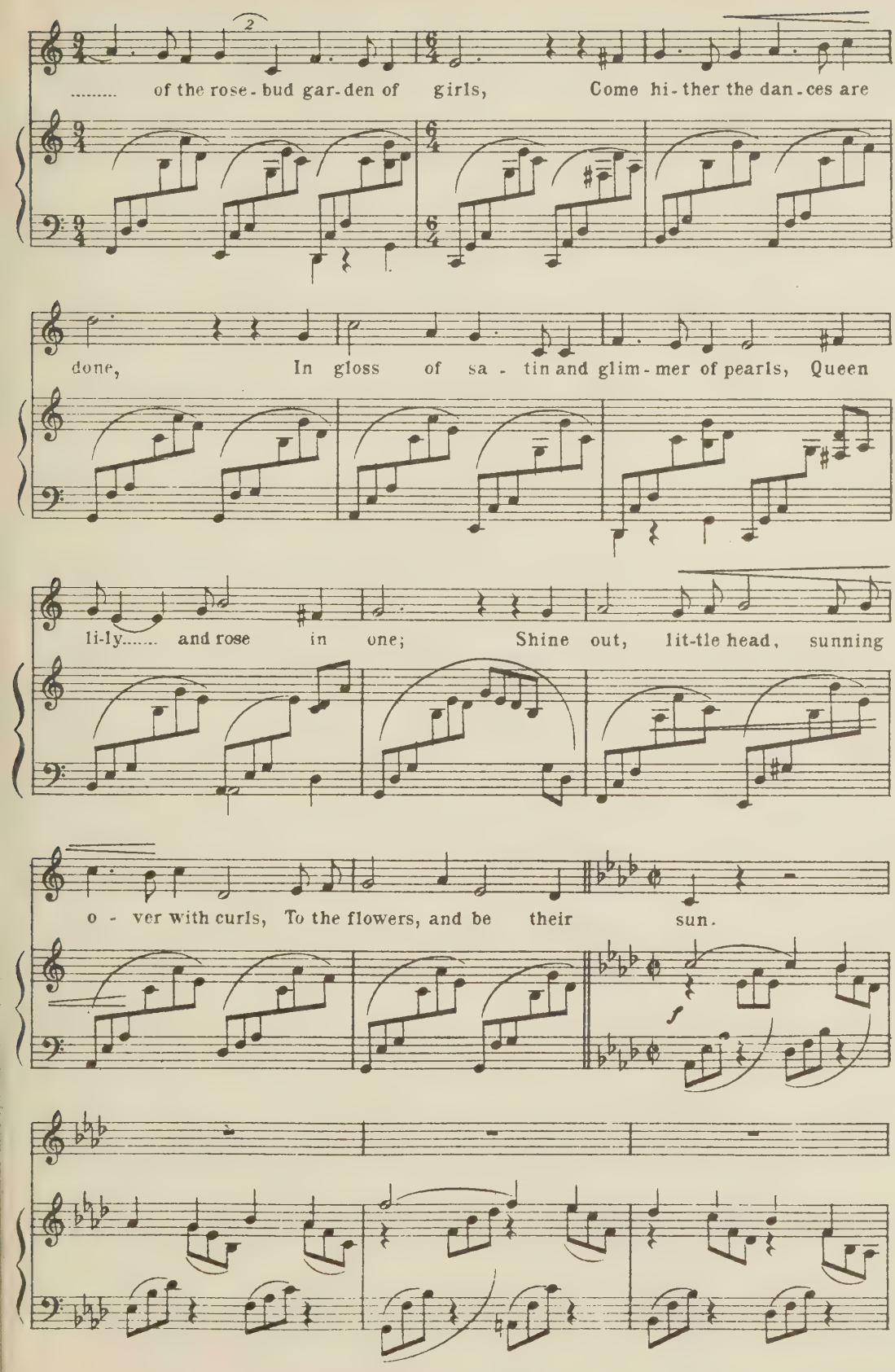
moon.

f

Queen rose.....

f

tre Corde


..... of the rose-bud gar-den of girls, Come hi-ther the dan-ces are
done, In gloss of sa-tin and glim-mer of pearls, Queen
li-ly..... and rose in one; Shine out, lit-tle head, sunning
o-ver with curls, To the flowers, and be their sun.

mf

There has fallen a splen-did

mf

tear From the pas - sion-flower at the gate. She is

coming, my own, my dear, She is com-ing, my life, my

fate; The red rose cries, "She is near, she is near;" The

colla voce

white rose weeps "She is late;" The lark-spur listens "I

hear, I hear;" And the li - ly whis-pers, "I wait."

colla voce

ff

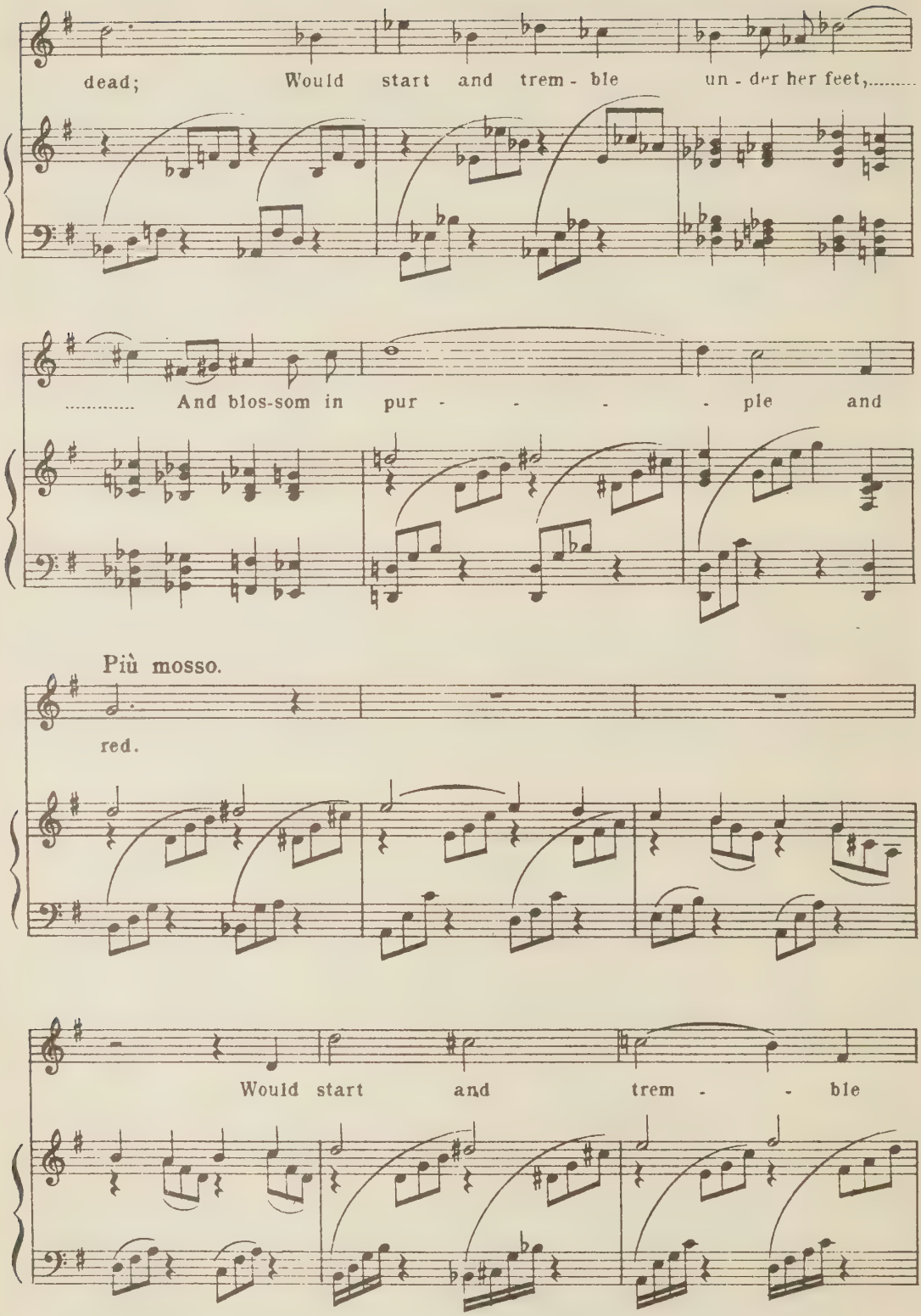
She is com - ing, my own, my sweet; Were it

ff

ev - er so ai - ry a tread, My heart would hear her and

beat, Were it earth in an earth - - - y bed; My

heart would hear her and beat, Had it lain for a cen - - - tu - ry


dead; Would start and trem - ble un - der her feet,.....
..... And blos-som in pur - - - - ple and
Più mosso.
red.
Would start and trem - - ble

un - - der her feet,..... And blos - - -

ff

senza rall.

- som in pur - - - - ple and red.....

senza rall.

Dedicated to
Mr. Plunket Greene.

THE BELLS OF CLERMONT TOWN.

(AUVERGNAT)

Words by
HILAIRE BELLOC.

Music by
A. M. GOODHART.

Allegro leggiero e brillante.

Voice.

mf

There

Piano.

mf poco martellato cresc.

f

Presto, ma distinto.

was a man was half a clown (It's so, my fa - ther tells of it,) He

pp poco scherzando. colla voce sempre

basso ostinato.

saw the church in Cler - mont Town, And laugh'd to hear the bells of it. He

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laugh'd to hear the bells that ring In Cler-mont Church and round of it; He

mp

poco dim - in - u - en - do

heard the ver-ger's daugh-ter sing, And loved her for the sound of it. The

cre - - scen - - do

ver-ger's daugh-ter said him nay (She had the right of choice in it); He

poco cre - - scen - - do

dim - in - u - en - do

mp

left the town at break of day (He had-n't had a voice in it). The

road went up, the road went down, And there the mat-ter end-ed it: He

loco

poco cresc. *dim.*

mf *f*

broke his heart in Cler-mont Town, At Pont-gi-baud— they

colla voce *p* *mf*

mend-ed it.

f con fuoco

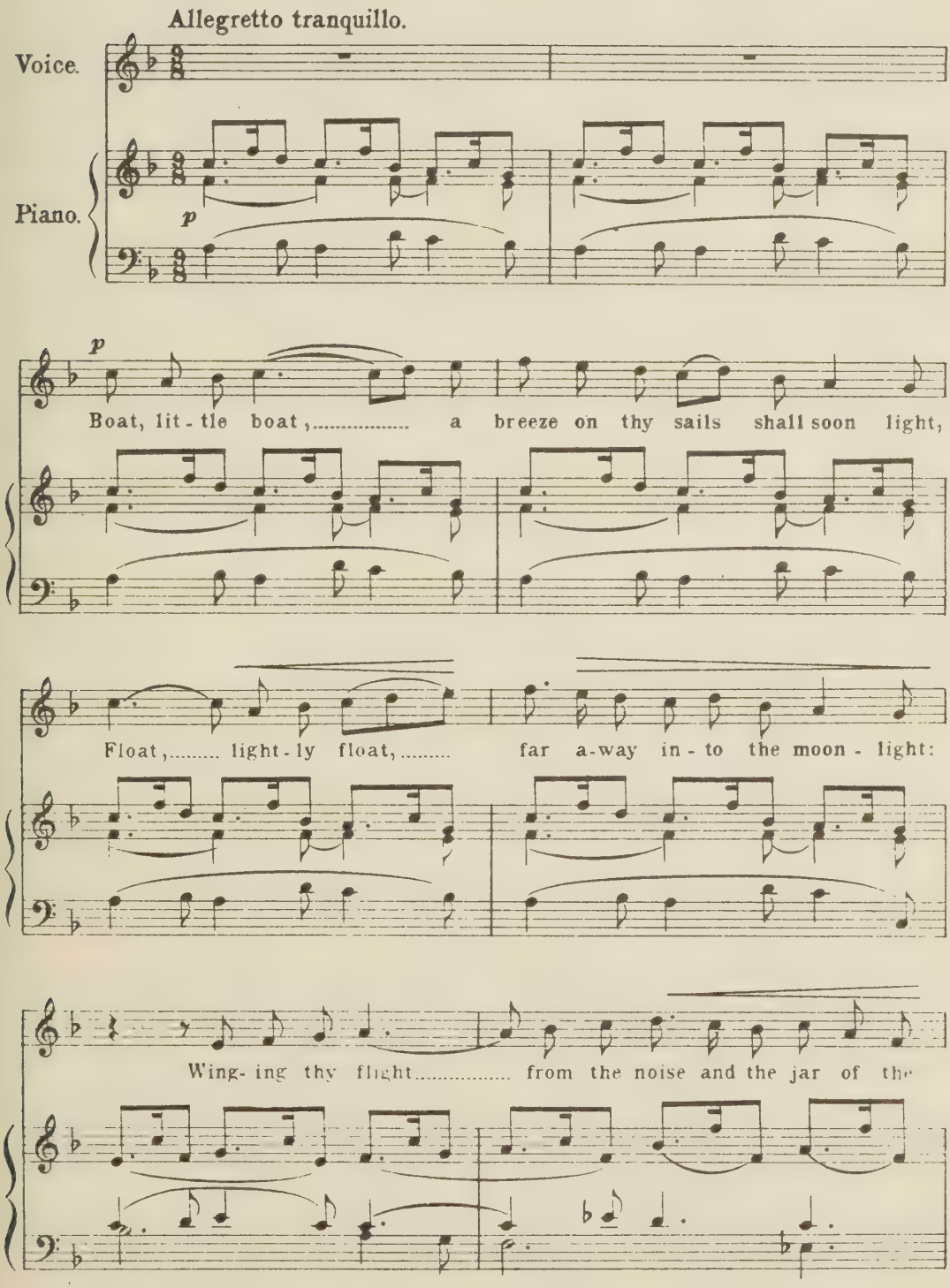
mf *pp*

Ped. * Ped. *ppp* *

BOAT SONG.

Words from Songs and Rhymes by
WALTER HERRIES POLLOCK.

Music by
C. VILLIERS STANFORD.
Op. 19 No 5.



Also published separately in D & F.

cresc.

world..... In a dream of de - light,.....

cresc.

in a dream of de - light shall thy glis - - - - - - -

- - - ten-ing sails be un - furl'd:

Float far a - way..... from the glare of the sun's blind - ing light,.....

From the heat of the day to the cool of the slum-ber-ing night:.....

Float thro' the bay,..... thro' the soft rip-ples' in-fi-nite

mo - - - - tion; *cresc.* Bear me a-way,.....

cresc.

bear me a-way to the tire - - - - - - less waves of the o -

p

- cean: Float to the deep,.....

pp

..... to the o - cean bird's long.... roll - ing pil - lows,

Ah,..... let me sleep,..... let me sleep .....

rall.

..... on a soft toss-ing cra - dle of bil - - - - - - - - -

rall.

- lows.....

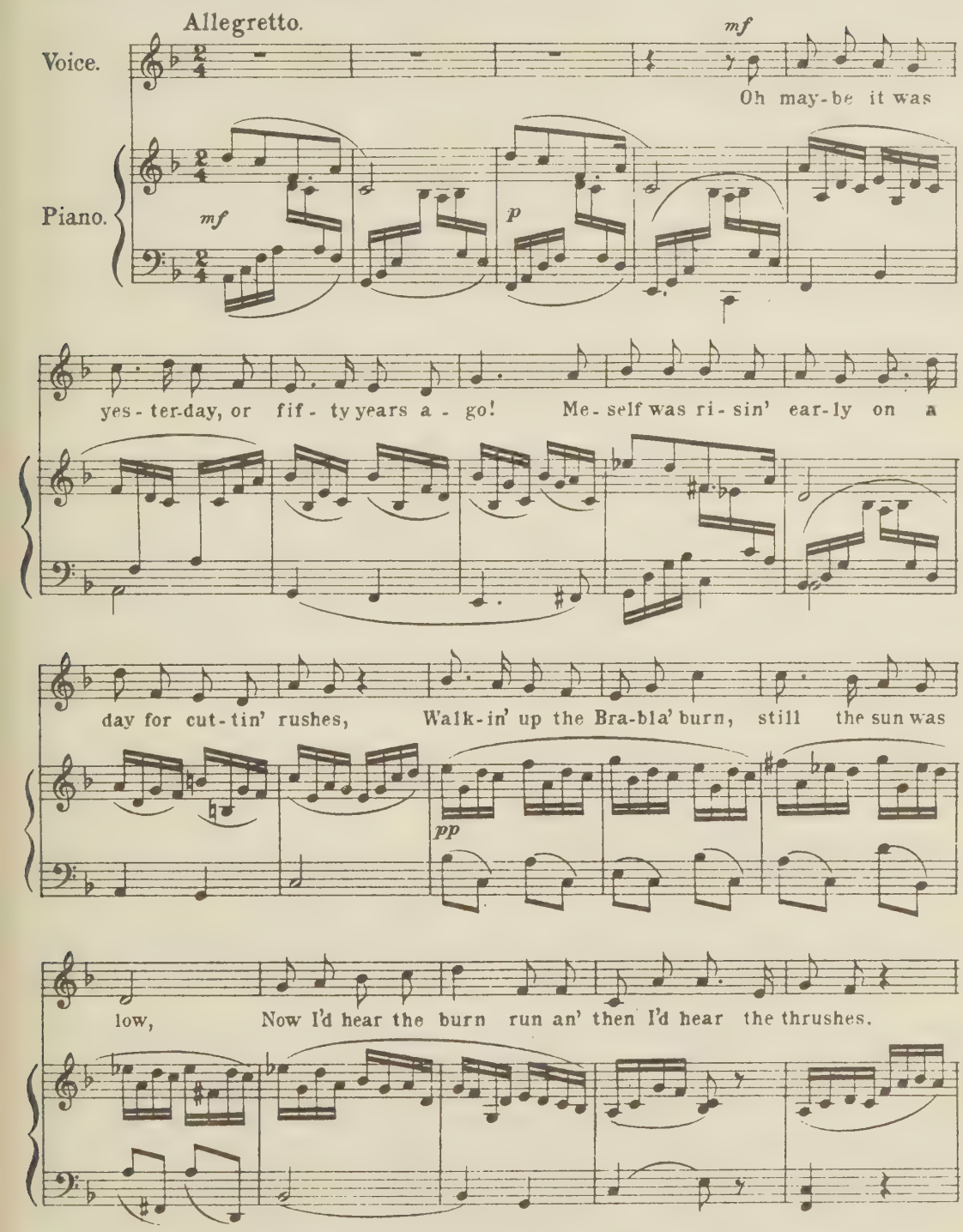
pp

CUTTIN' RUSHES

(from "An Irish Idyll")

Words by
MOIRA O'NEILL.
from "Songs of the Glens of Antrim"
(by permission of Messrs. William Blackwood & Sons)

Music by
C. V. STANFORD.
Op. 77.



Published also for high Voice in "An Irish Idyll," No 2 Edition.

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Young, still young!— an' drench-in' wet the grass, Wet the gol-den

ho-ney-suc-kle hang-in' sweet-ly down; *"Here, lad, here!* will ye

fol-low where I pass,..... An' find me cut-tin' rush-es on the

p

moun - - tain."

mf *p*

Then was it on-ly yes-ter-day, or fif-ty years or

pp

so? *Rip-pin'* round the bog pools high..... a-mong the

hea-ther, The hook it made her hand sore, she had to leave it go, 'Twas

me that cut the rush-es then for her to bind to-ge-ther.

Come, dear, come! an' back a-long the burn

See the dar-lin' ho-ney-suc-kle hang-in' like a crown.

pp

Quick, one kiss, — "sure, there' some-one at the turn!"

pp *p*

f

Oh, we're af - ther cut - tin' rush - es on the moun - -

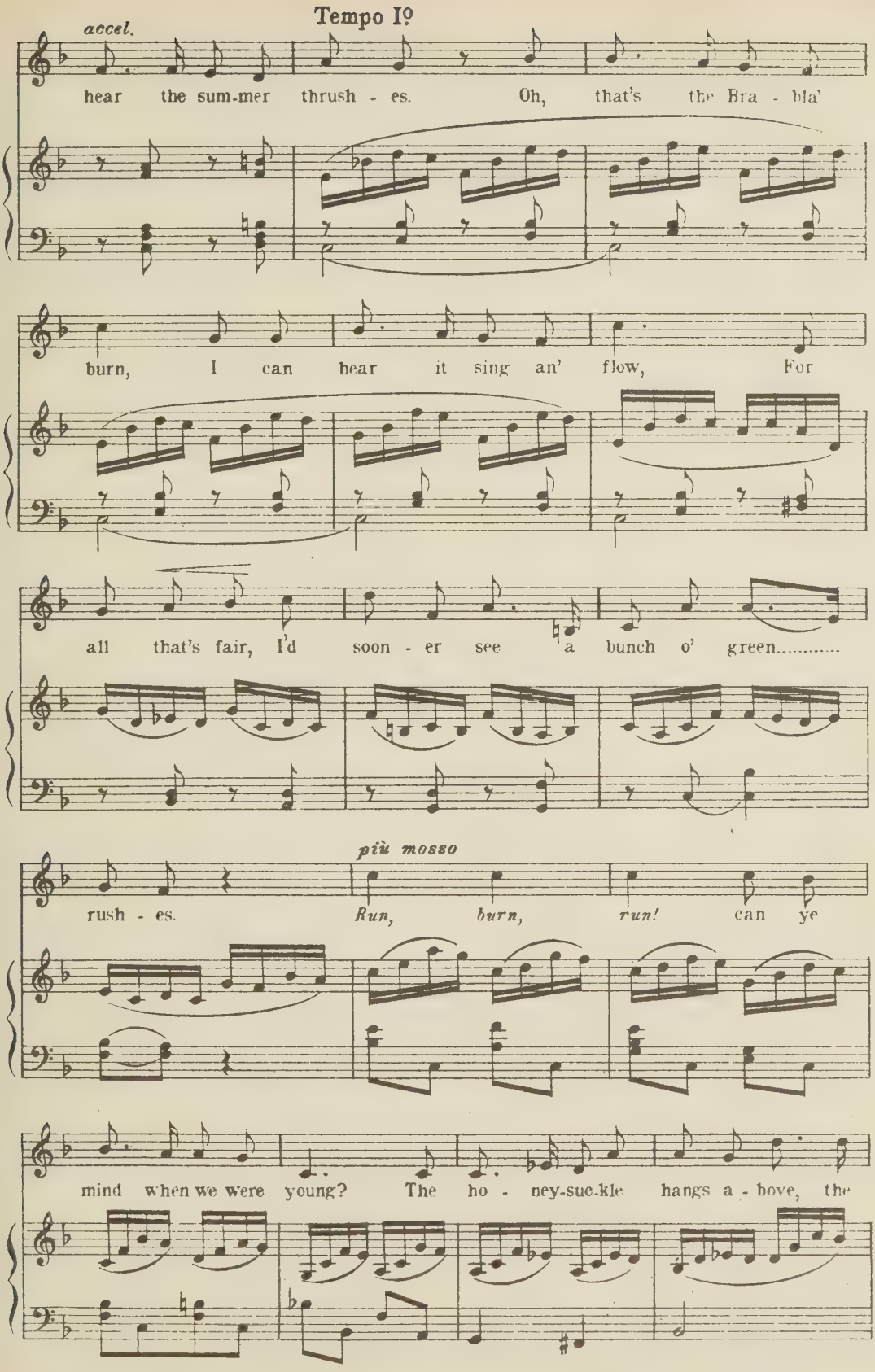
- tain.

mf *dim.* *poco rall.*

Poco più lento.

Yes - ter-day, yes - ter-day, or fif - ty years a -

- go. I wak - en out o' dreams when I


Tempo I°
accel.
hear the sum-mer thrush - es. Oh, that's the Bra - bla'
burn, I can hear it sing an' flow, For
all that's fair, I'd soon - er see a bunch o' green.....
più mosso
rush - es. Run, burn, run! can ye
mind when we were young? The ho - ney-suc-kle hangs a - bove, the

pool is dark an' brown: *Sing, burn,*

sing! can ye mind the song ye sung .....

..... The day we cut the rush-es on the moun - -

tain?

f

p

To
Mr. Plunket Greene.

CORINNA'S GOING A-MAYING.

Words by
HERRICK.

Music by
ERNEST WALKER.

Allegro leggiero.

Voice.

Piano.

mf Get up, get up for shame, the blooming morn ..... Up-on her wings pre-sents..... ..... the god un-shorn. *p* See how Au-ro-ra throws her fair Fresh-quilt-ed col-ours through the air; Get up, sweet slug-a-bed, and see The

mp *p*

Also published separately in E♭ & F.

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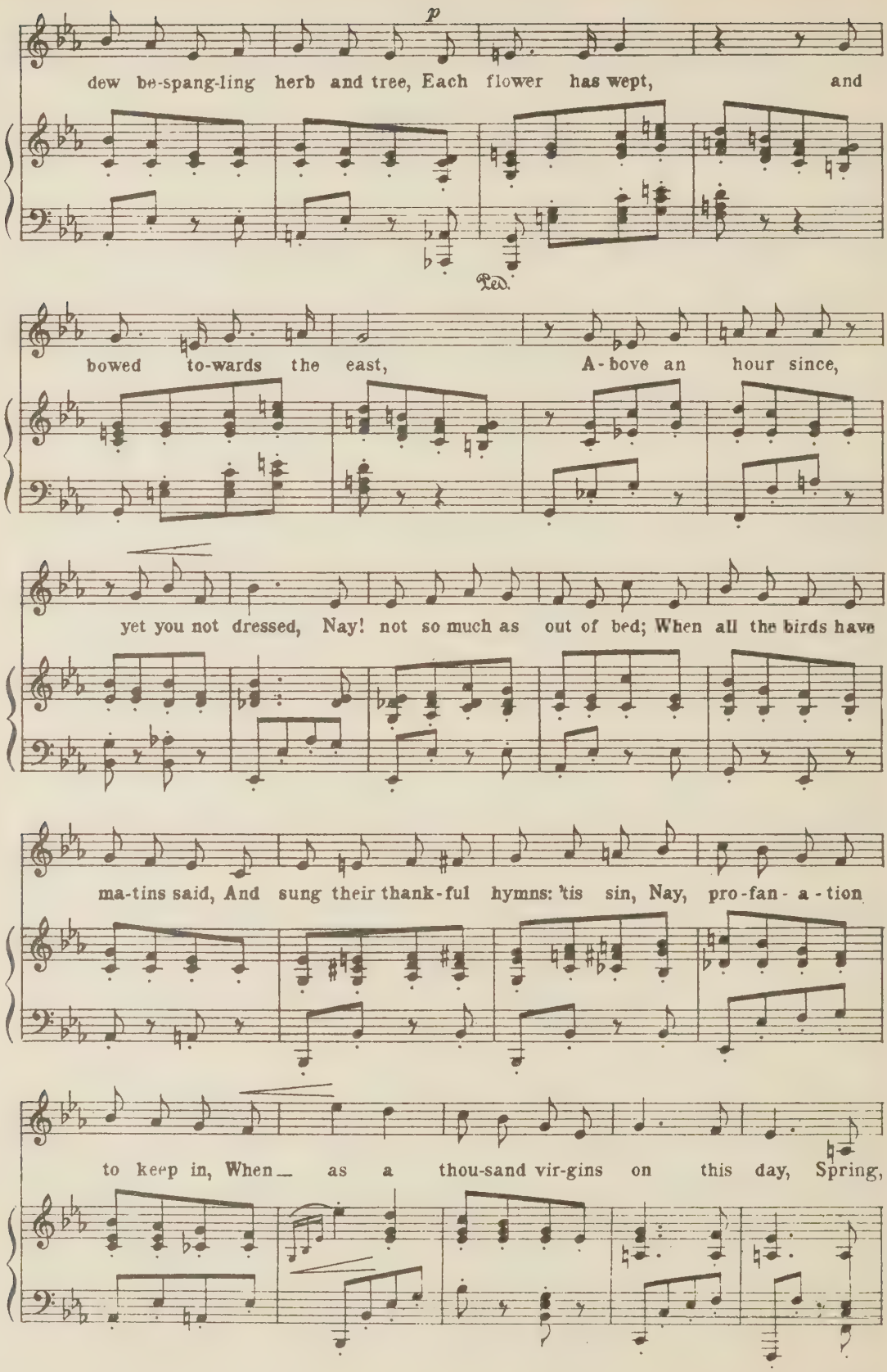
p
dew be-spang-ling herb and tree, Each flower has wept, and
Ped.
bowed to-wards the east, A-bove an hour since,
yet you not dressed, Nay! not so much as out of bed; When all the birds have
ma-tins said, And sung their thank-ful hymns: 'tis sin, Nay, pro-fan-a-tion
to keep in, When as a thou-sand vir-gins on this day, Spring,

soon - er than the lark,..... to fetch in May.....

f

mf

Rise, and put on your fo - - liage, and be

mp

p

seen..... To come forth like the spring-time,— fresh and green, And

sweet as Flo-ra. Take no care For jew-els for your gown or hair: Fear not, the

p

leaves will strew Gems in a-bun-dance up-on you: Be-sides, the child-hood of the

Ped.

day has kept A-gainst you come, some

or-ient pearls un - wept..... Come, and re-ceive them while the light Hangs

on the dew-locks of the night, And Ti - tan on the east-ern hill Re -

- tires him-self, or else stands still Till you come forth..... Wash,

dress, be brief in pray - ing: Few beads are best, when once we go a -

- May - ing.

p

mf

Come, let us go, while we are in our prime,

mf

And take the harm-less fol - ly of the time.

p mesto

We shall grow old a - pace and die

p

sempre dim.

Be-fore we know our li - - ber - ty. Our

life is short, and our days run

sempre dim.

As fast a - way ..... as does the sun: And as a

va - pour, or a drop of rain Once

pp

lost, can ne'er be found a - gain: So when or you or

pp

I are made A fa - ble, song, or fleet - ing

sempre calando e poco a poco rit.

shade, All love, all li-king, all de - light, Lies

sempre calando e poco a poco rit.

il basso assai tenuto.

ppp *pp accel.*

drowned with us in end - less night... Then while time

ppp *pp accel.*

p tempo primo *mf*

serves, and we are but de - cay - ing, Come, my Co -

p tempo primo *mf*

- rin-na, come, let's go a - May - ing.

May - - - - ing.

f

p

Dedicated to
Mr. Plunket Greene.

CRABBED AGE AND YOUTH.

Words by
SHAKESPEARE.

Music by
MAUDE VALÉRIE WHITE.

Allegro con brio.

Voice.

Piano.

Attácca súbito
Con brio.

f ma leggiero

Crab - bed Age and Youth Can - not live.... to - ge - ther;

f ma leggiero

Youth is - full... of plea - sure, Age is full of care.

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Con spirito.

f

Youth like sum-mer morn,.... Age.. like win - ter wea - ther,

f

Youth..... like sum - mer brave, Age... like win - ter

molto rit.

bare.

ff con fuoco

f

Youth is full of plea - sure, Age is full of care;

f

Youth is full of sport, Age's breath is short;

Youth is nim - ble, Age is lame; Youth is hot and

bold, Age is weak and old; Youth is wild, And

lento

f a tempo.

Age is tame. Age, I do ab - hor thee!

lento

f

molto rit:

ff Con spirito.

Youth, I a - dore thee!

ar - dan - do.

ff

8va.... loco.

I..... do..... a - dore thee; Oh! my love, my.....

rit - ard - an - do

love is young! Age,..... I do..... de - fy thee,

Largo

Age,.. I do..... de - fy thee! O sweet shep - herd,

a tempo

hie..... thee! For me - thinks thou.....

rit.

stay'st too long.

colla voce *ff a tempo*

To
Alfred Wareing, Esq.

DIAPHENIA.

Words by
H. CONSTABLE.

Music by
HAROLD SAMUEL.

Allegretto.

Voice.

Piano.

p

Di - a - phe - nia, like the daf - fa-down-

p e sempre in tempo.

con Ped.

- dil - ly, White as the sun, fair as the li - ly,

simile.

Heigh ho, how I do love thee, I do

love thee as my lambs Are be - lov - ed of their

Also published separately in C, D & F.

Copyright 1909 by Boosey & Co

dams: How blest were I if thou would'st

poco cres.

prove me Di - a - phe - nia, like the spread-ing

ro - ses, That in thy sweets all sweets en - clo - ses,

Fair sweet, how I do love thee, I do

poco cresc.

love thee as each flow'r Loves the sun's life - giv- ing pow'r,

poco cresc.

mf

f

For..... dead, thy breath to life might move me.....

sf

largamente

..... Di - a - phe - nia, like to all... things bless - éd,.....

largamente

When all thy prais - es are ex - press - éd, ... Dear joy,.....

f

f

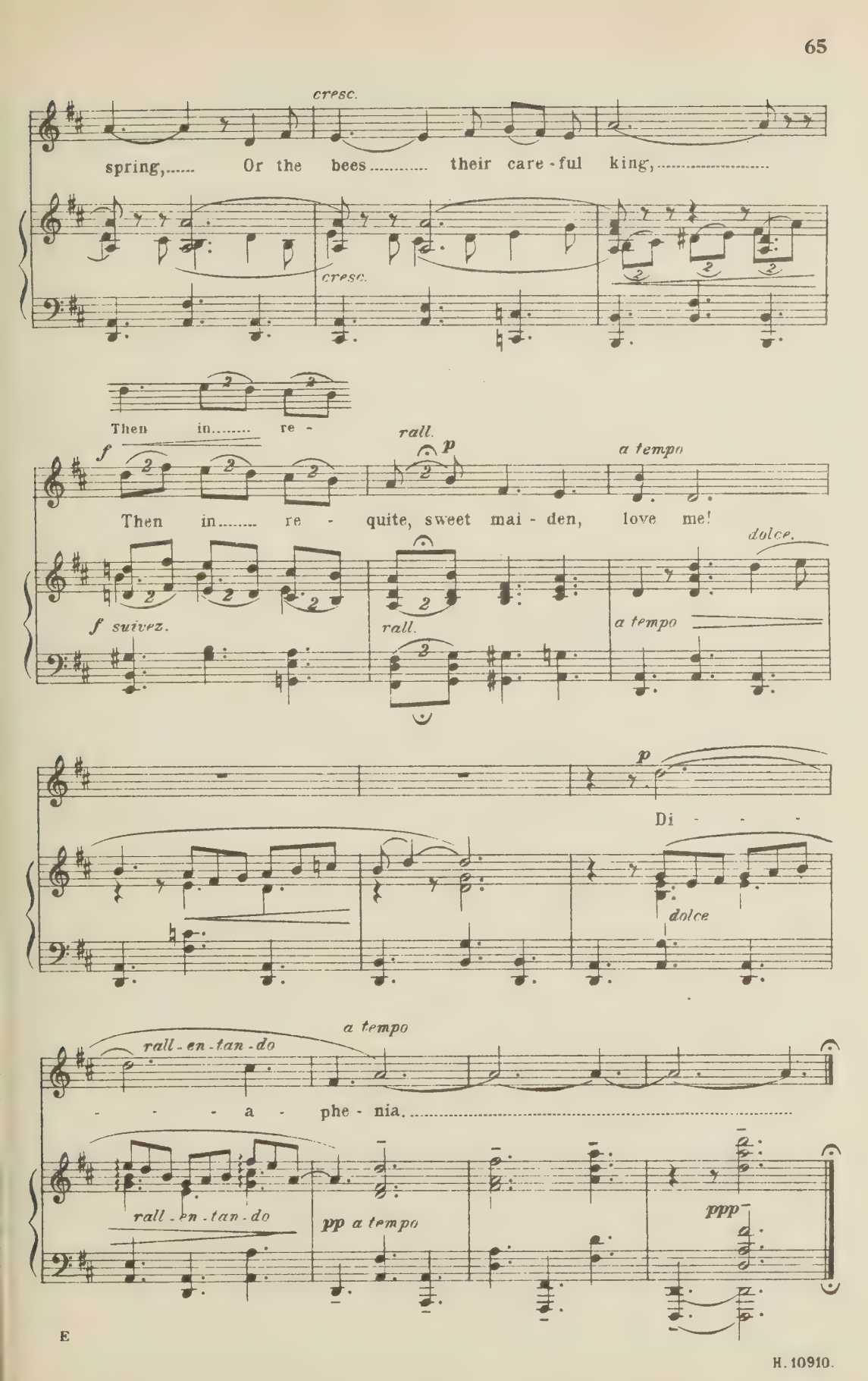
poco rall.

how I..... do love thee, As the birds..... do love the

a tempo. *pp*

suivez

a tempo. *pp* *marcato la melodia*

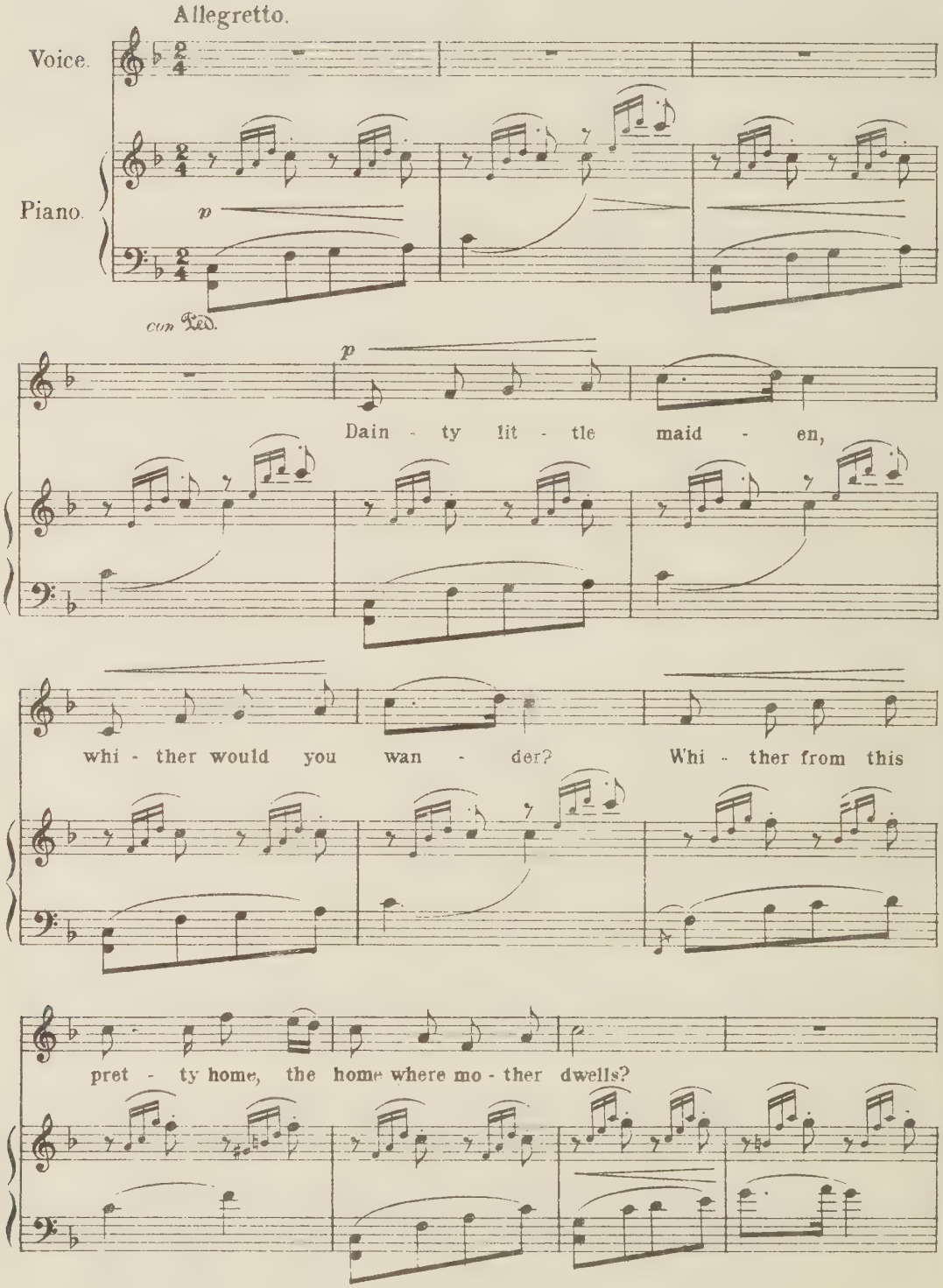

cresc.
spring, Or the bees their care-ful king,
cresc.
Then in re -
f
rall.
p
a tempo
Then in re - quite, sweet mai - den, love me!
dolce.
f suivez.
rall.
a tempo
p
Di - - -
dolce
rall - en - tan - do
a tempo
- - - a - phe - nia.
rall - en - tan - do
pp a tempo
ppp

DAINTY LITTLE MAIDEN.

(from "Love in Spring-time.")

Words by
LORD TENNYSON.

Music by
ARTHUR SOMERVELL.



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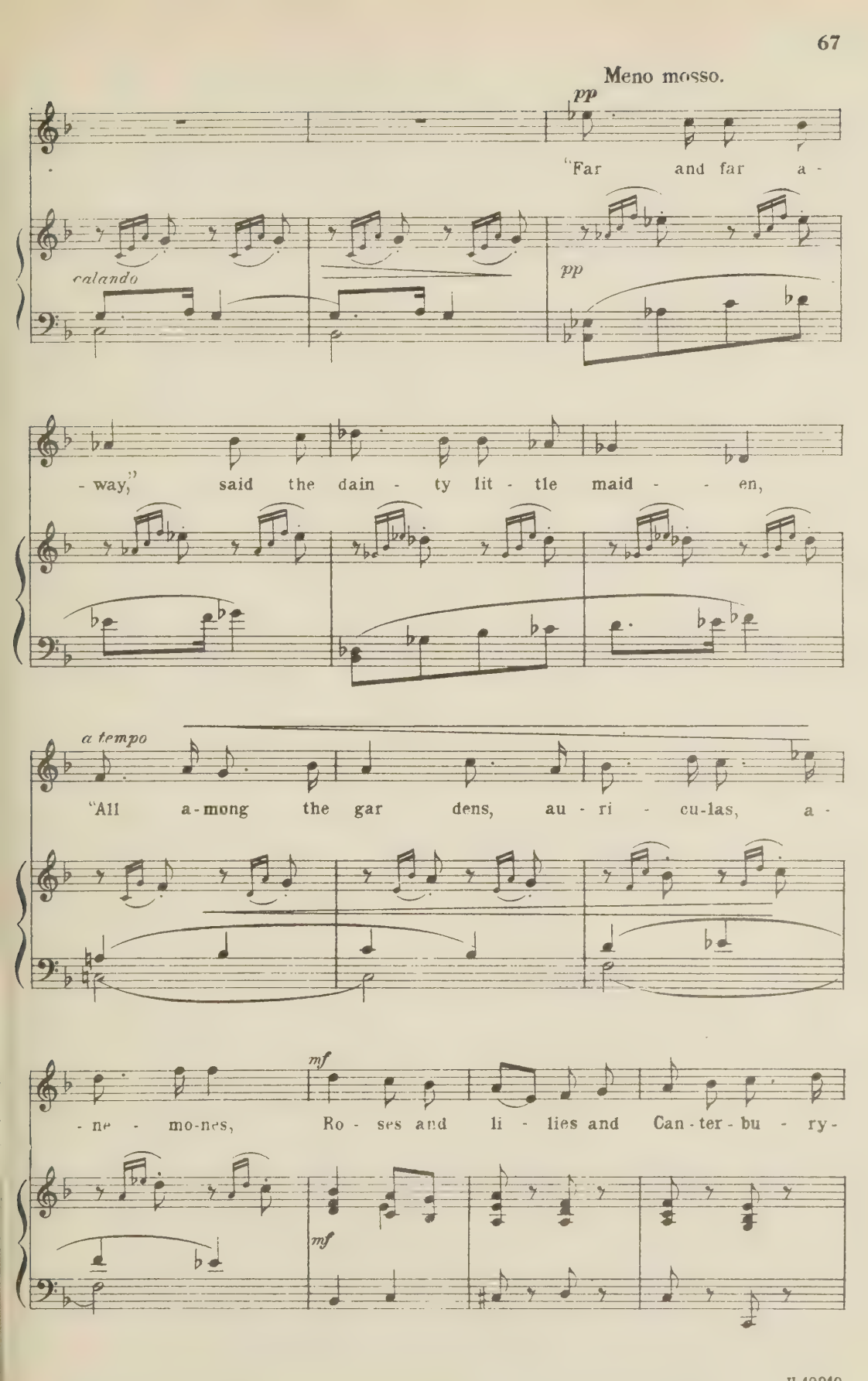

Meno mosso.
pp
"Far and far a-
calando
pp
-way," said the dain-ty lit-tle maid-en,
a tempo
"All a-mong the gar dens, au-ri-cu-las, a-
mf
-ne-mo-nes, Ro-ses and li-lies and Can-ter-bu-ry-
mf

- bells."

p

p

p

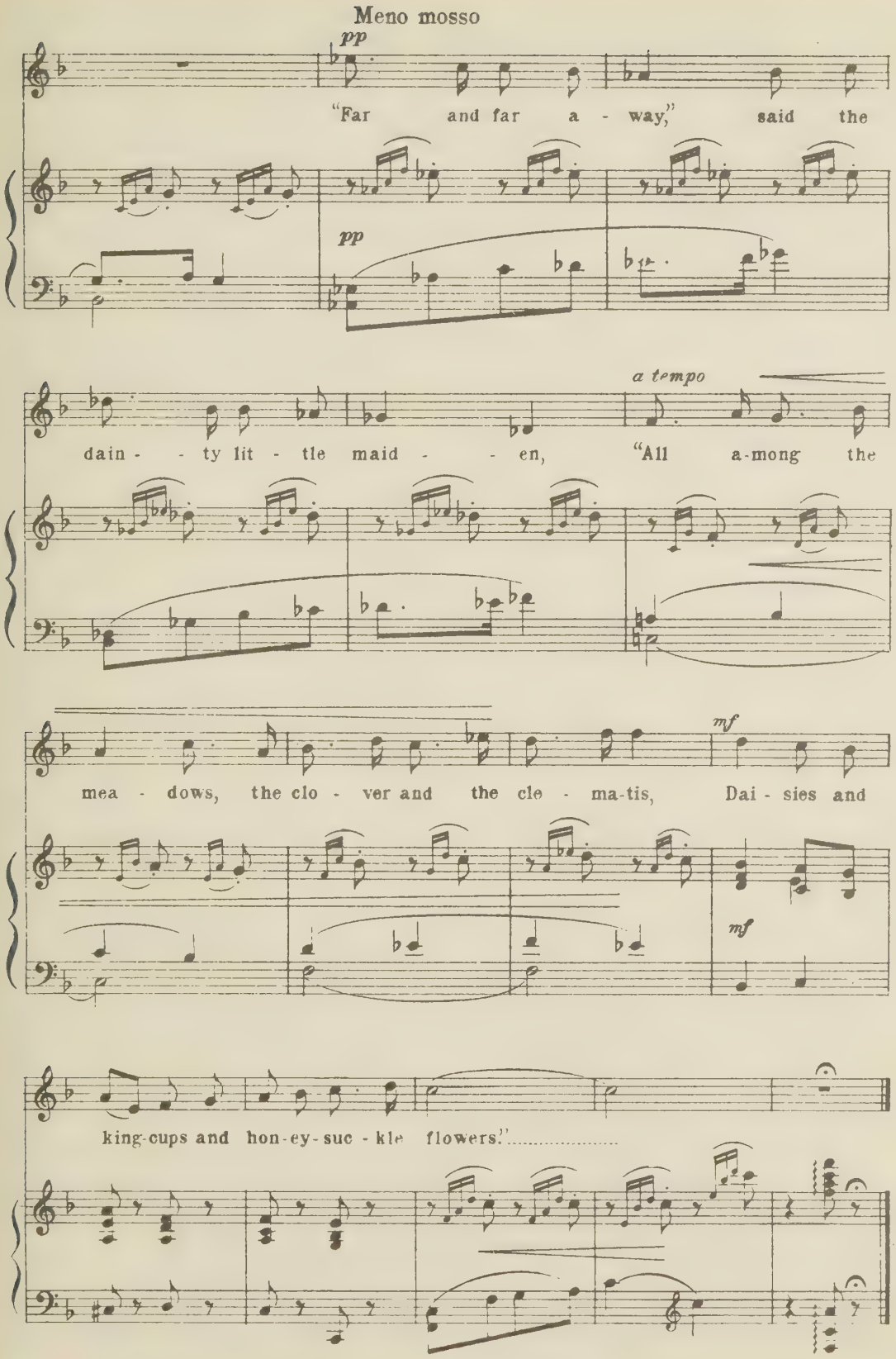
Dain - ty lit - tle maid - en, whi - ther would you

p

wan - der? Whi - ther from this pret - ty house, this

ci - ty house of ours?

calando


Meno mosso
pp
"Far and far a - way," said the
pp
a tempo
dain - - ty lit - tle maid - - en, "All a-mong the
mea - dows, the clo - ver and the cle - ma-tis, Dai - sies and
mf
mf
king-cups and hon-ey-suc - kle flowers."

THE FAIRY BOAT.

Words by
ANNETTE HOREY.

Music by
HAROLD SAMUEL.

Andante, ma non troppo.

Voice.

Piano.

p legato.

Some - time a-down a

pp

sempre molto leggiero e piano

Con due Pedali.

ma-gic stream a lit - tle boat comes sail - - - - -

- ing, A sail - ing in the ev'n - ing just be - fore the sha-dows

poco cresc.

fall; ..... It pau - ses in the

Also published separately in E♭, F & G.

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mea-dows by the bank where I stand wait -

- ing, Then sweet and clear up-on the air.....

..... I hear the fai - ries call.....

poco dim. *colla voce.* *pp*

I step..... in - to the ti-ny craft, And

gent - ly we go drift - - - - - - - -

Poco animato

- ing A - way, a - way past witch - ing woods where

senza sordino

bright - eyed squirrels play, And the soft en-chant - ing

mu - sic of fai - ry pipes is

poco rall.

lilt - - - - - - - - - ing, And blend - ing with the

poco rall.

a tempo

me - lo - dy of el - fin voi - ces gay.

a tempo

poco rit.

poco rit.

a tempo

Yet still..... we float up - on the tide, my

a tempo

boat and I a dream - - - ing, On-ward to where the

bat-tle-ments of fai-ry-land gleam white;

dolce

And spires.... are rear-ing del-i-cate a - gainst a sky of

dolce

poco rall.

a - - - zure, Un - til we reach the dis-tant bor - der of the

poco rall.

8

rit - - - - - e - nu - to a tempo

king - dom of de - light.

rit - - - - e - nu - to

p

a tempo.

più p

molto dolce

Some-time..... a-down a ma-gic stream a lit - tle boat comes

pp

sail - - - - - ing.

ppp

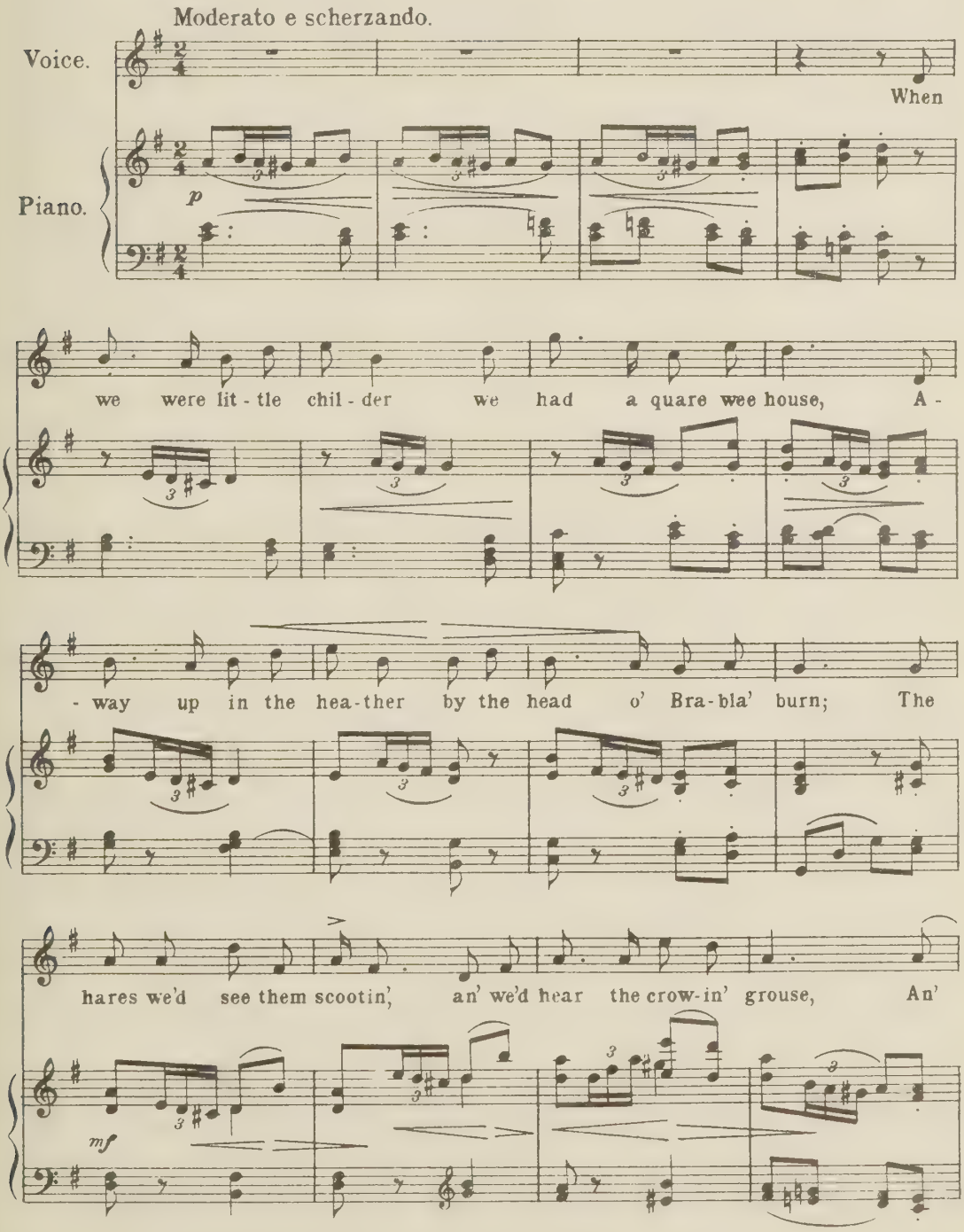
Hastings, Aug. 1918.

GRACE FOR LIGHT.

(from "Six Songs of Ireland")

Words by
MOIRA O'NEILL.
(By permission,)
from "Songs of the Glens of Antrim."

Music by
HAMILTON HARTY.



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when we'd all be in at night ye'd not get room to turn.

The young-est two she'd put to bed, their fa - ces to the wall, An' the

p

lave of us could sit a-roun', just an - y - where we might; Her -

mf

- self 'ud take the rush-dip an' light it for us all, An'

poco rit. *a tempo*

"God be thank-ed!" she would say,— "now we have a light."

dim *pp*

Then we be to quet the laugh-in' an' push - in' on the

pp

poco rit.

floor, An' think on One who call'd us to come and be for-

giv'n; Him - self 'ud put his pipe down, an' say the good word

ppp

more, *"May the Lamb o' God lead us all to the Light o' Heav'n!"*

pp

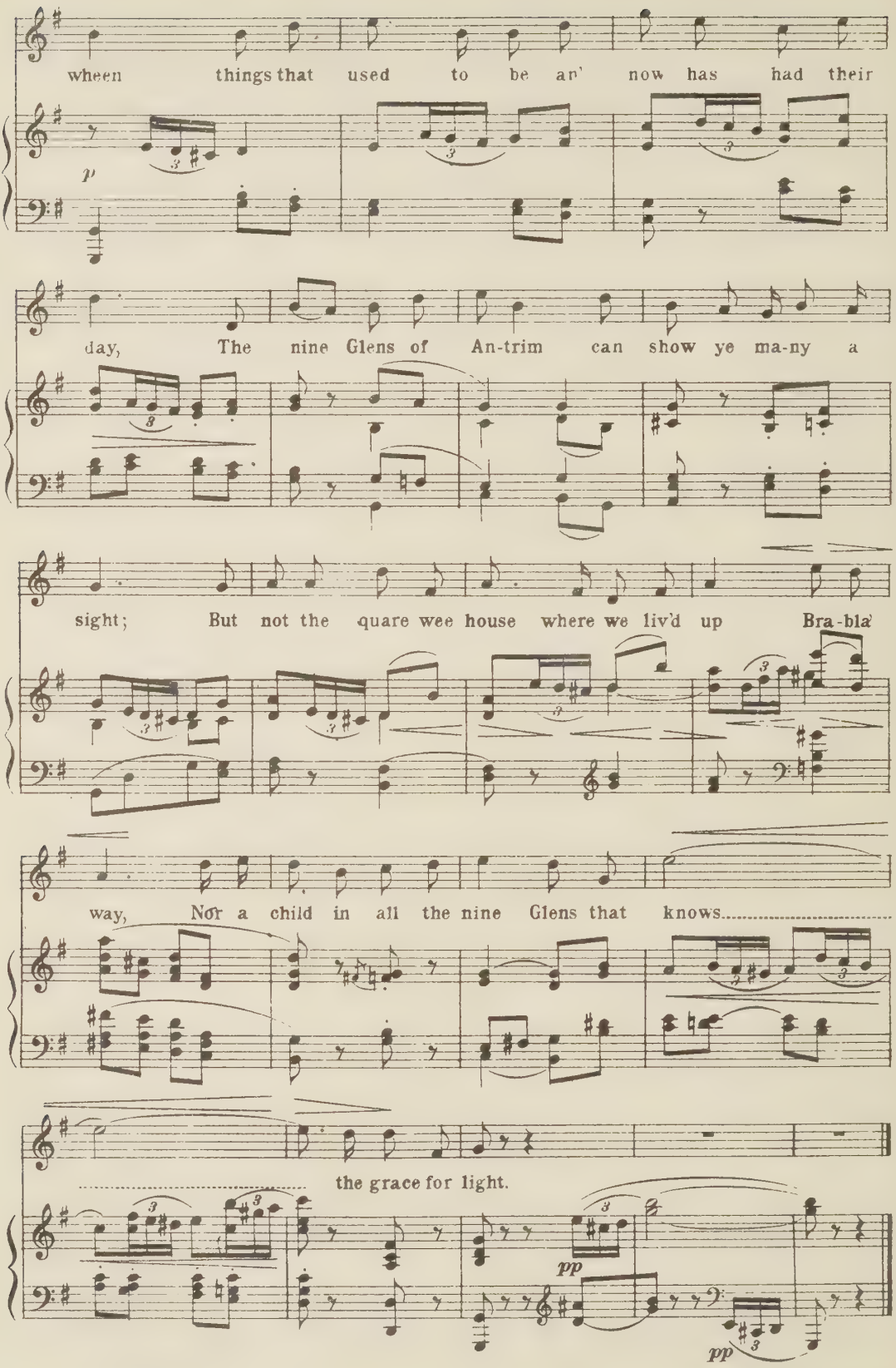
Ped.

a tempo

There' a

pp legato

rit

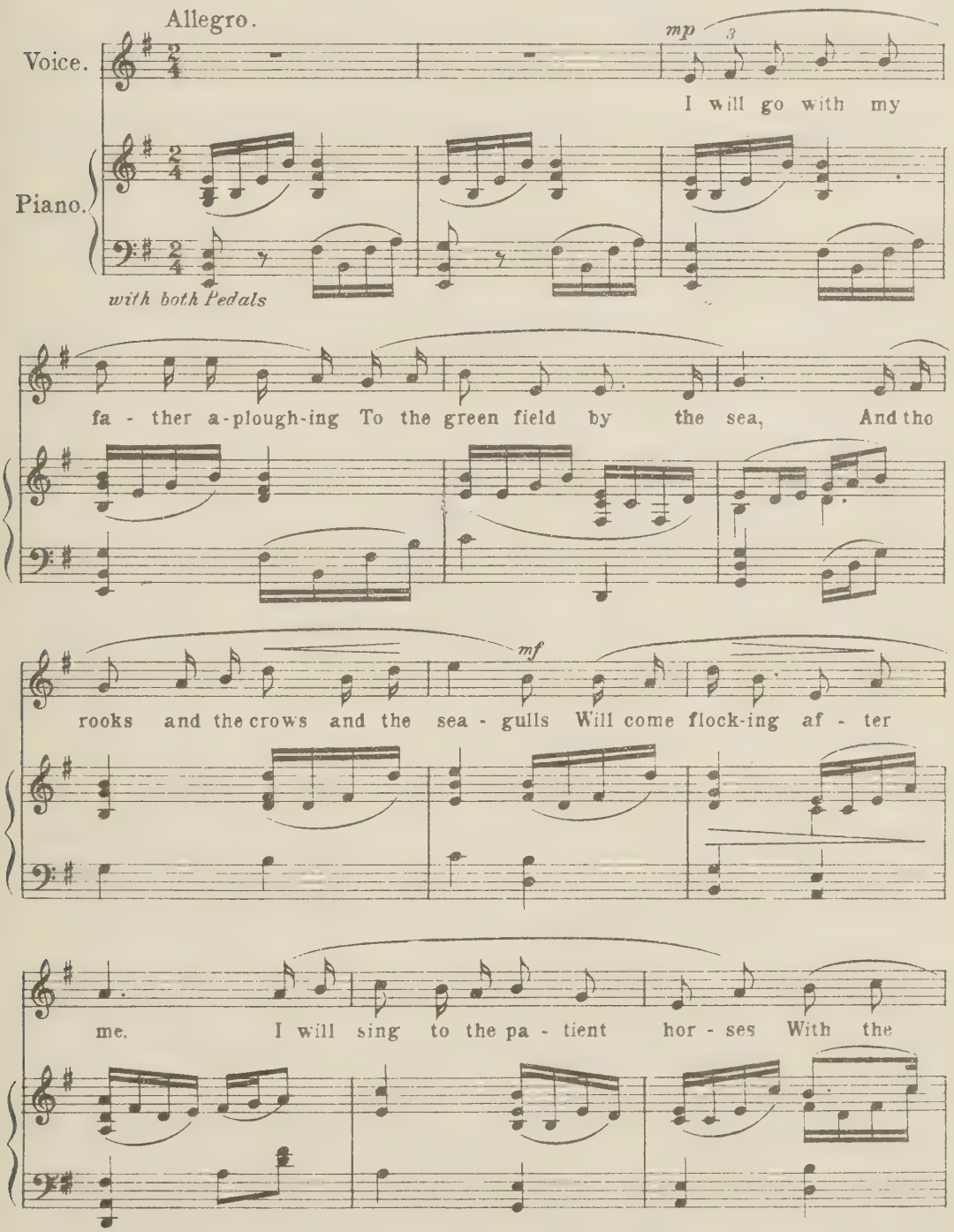

wheen things that used to be an' now has had their
p
day, The nine Glens of An-trim can show ye ma-ny a
sight; But not the quare wee house where we liv'd up Bra-bla'
way, Nor a child in all the nine Glens that knows.....
the grace for light.
pp
pp

To
Miss Marion Scott.

I WILL GO WITH MY FATHER A-PLOUGHING.

Words by
SEOSAMH MAC CATHMHAOIL

Music by
IVOR GURNEY.



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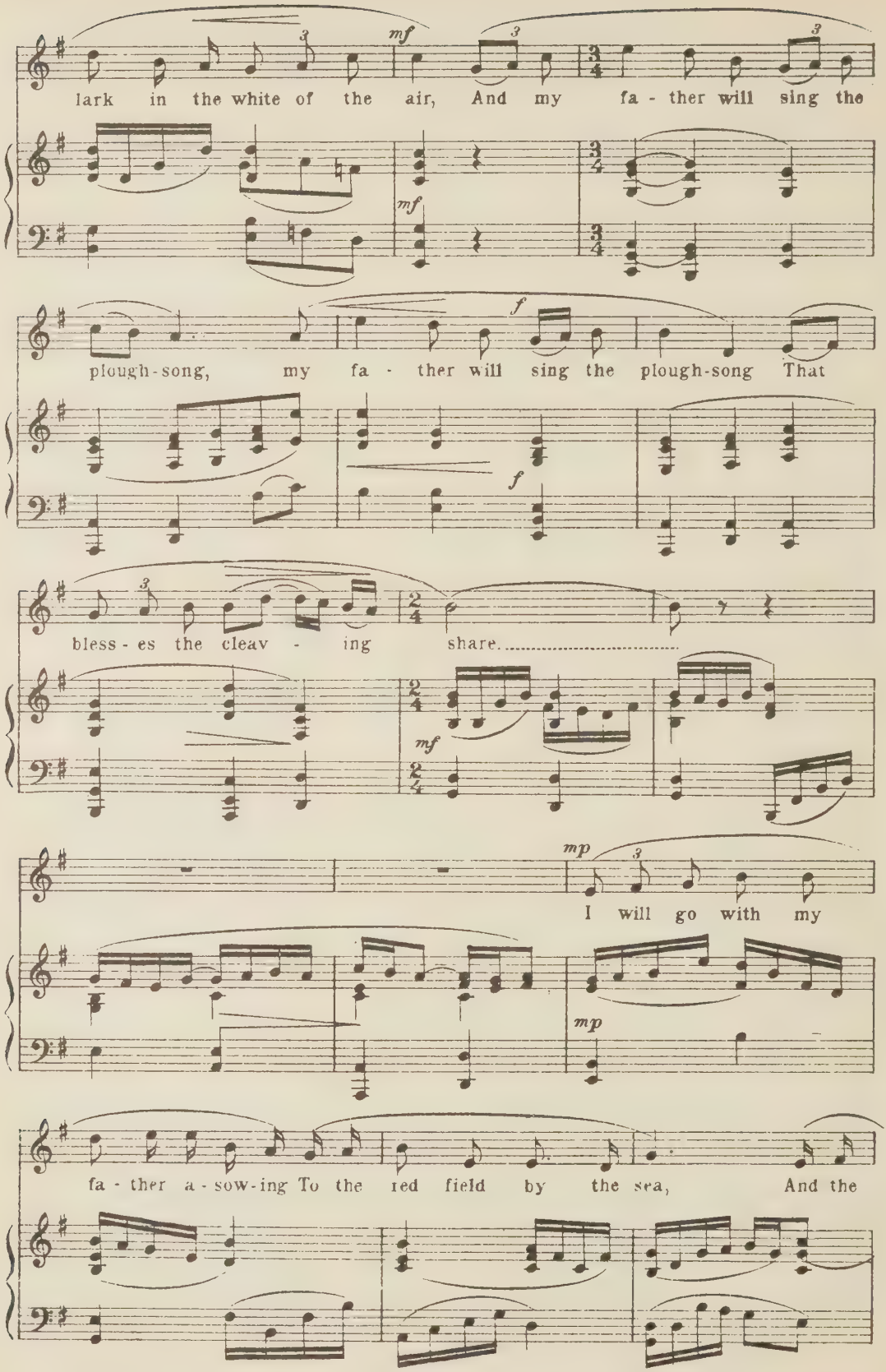

mf
lark in the white of the air, And my fa - ther will sing the
mf
f
plough-song, my fa - ther will sing the plough-song That
f
bless - es the cleav - ing share.
mf
mp
I will go with my
mp
fa - ther a - sow-ing To the red field by the sea, And the

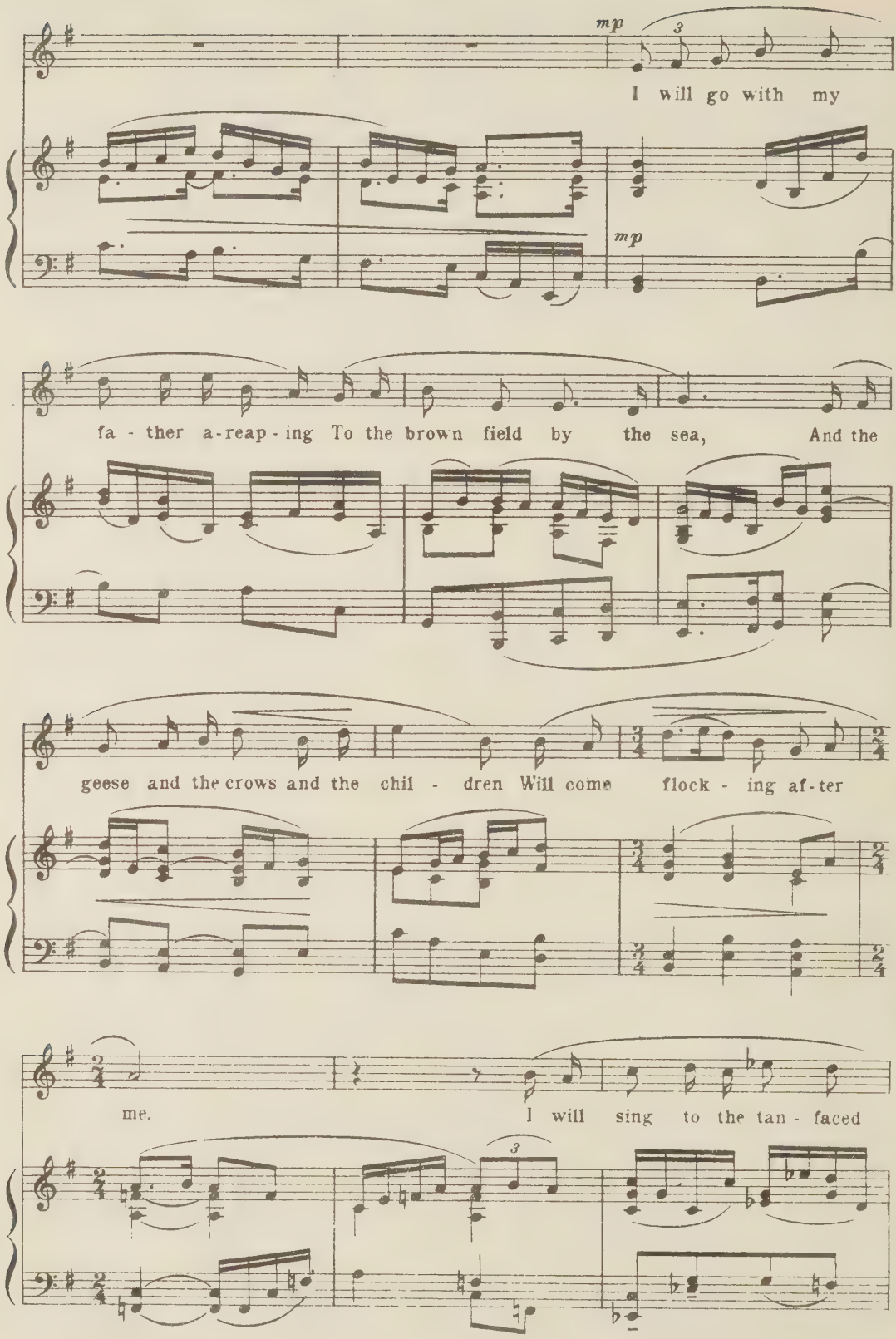
rooks and the gulls and the star - lings Will come flock - ing af - ter

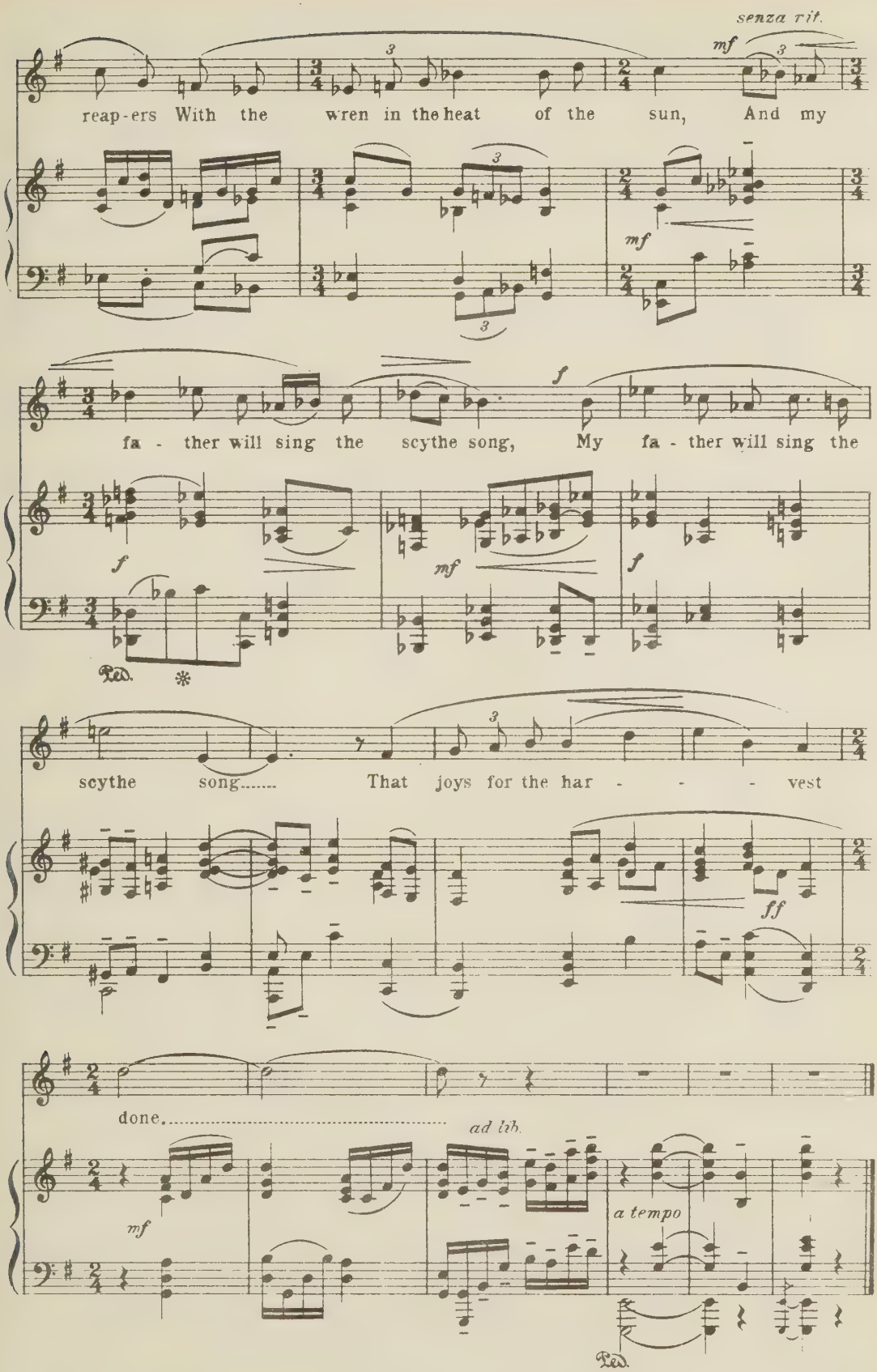
me. I will sing to the stri - ding sow - ers With.... the

finch on the green - ing sloe, And my fa - ther will sing the

seed - song, my fa - ther will sing the seed - song That

on - ly the wise..... men know.....


mp
I will go with my
mp
fa - ther a-reap - ing To the brown field by the sea, And the
geese and the crows and the chil - dren Will come flock - ing af-ter
me. I will sing to the tan - faced


senza rit.
mf
reap-ers With the wren in the heat of the sun, And my
mf
fa - ther will sing the scythe song, My fa - ther will sing the
f
mf
f
Ped.
scythe song..... That joys for the har - - - vest
ff
done.....
ad lib.
mf
a tempo
Ped.

A HYMN FOR AVIATORS.

Words by
MARY C. D. HAMILTON.

Music by
C. HUBERT H. PARRY.

Moderato.

Voice.

Piano.

mf

Lord, guard and guide our men who fly Through the great spa - ces..... of the sky,.....

mf

..... Be with them tra - vers - ing the air In

mf

f

Also published separately in E♭, F & G.

Copyright 1915 by Boosey & Co.

rit. tempo

dark - 'ning storm..... or sun - shine fair.

rit. tempo mf

p

Thou who dost keep with ten - der

p

dim.

might The bal - anced birds in all their flight,.....

dim

mf f

..... Thou of the tem - pered winds, be near, That,

mf cresc. f

rit. tempo

hav - ing Thee,..... they know no fear.

rit. tempo

mf *poco rit.*

Con-trol their minds, with in-stinct fit, What time, ad - ven - tur-ing, they

poco rit.

tempo *rit.*

quit The firm se - cu - ri-ty of land;..... Grant stead - fast

tempo *rit.*

tempo

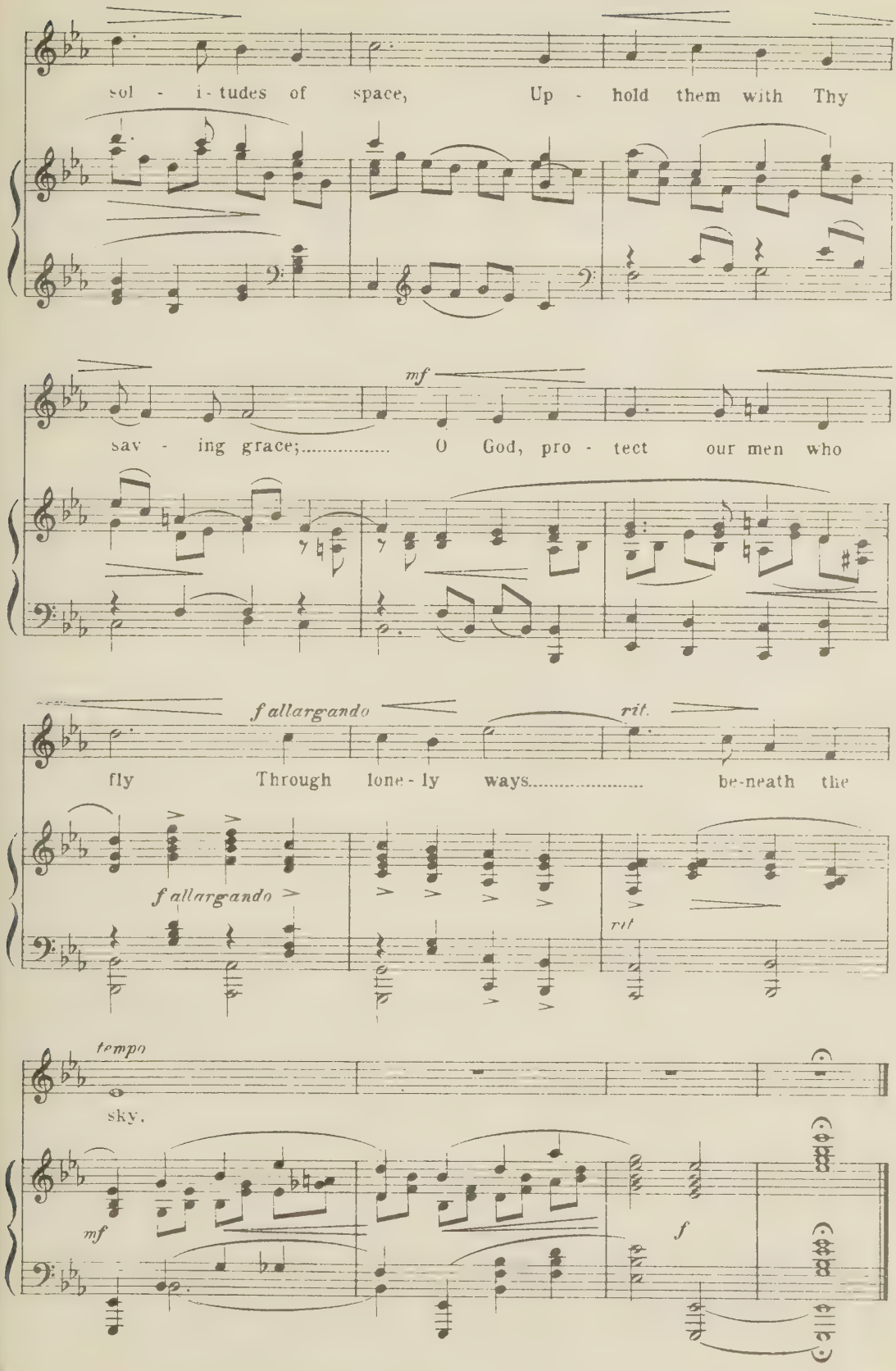
eye and skil - ful hand.

tempo mf

p

A - loft, in

dim. *dim.* *p*


sol - i - tudes of space, Up - hold them with Thy
mf
sav - ing grace;..... O God, pro - tect our men who
f allargando
rit.
fly Through lone - ly ways..... be-neath the
f allargando
rit
tempo
sky.
mf
f

IN SUMMER-TIME ON BREDON.

(from "A Shropshire Lad")

Words by
A. E. HOUSMAN.
(by kind permission of the Author)

Music by
ARTHUR SOMERVELL.

Allegretto.

Voice.

Piano.

mf

In sum - mer-time on Bre - don The bells they sound so..... clear; Round both the shires they ring..... them, In stee - ples far.... and near, A hap - py noise to hear.

f

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mf *poco rit.* *tempo*

Here of a Sun-day morn-ing My love and I..... would lie, And

mf *poco rit.*

rall.

see the co-loured coun-ties, And hear the larks so high A-bout us

rall.

p

in..... the sky. The bells would ring to

a tempo *f* *p*

call her In val-leys miles a-way, "Come all to church, good

p

peo-ple; Good peo-ple, come and pray;" But here my love... would

p

f

stay. And I would turn and

f

an - swer A - mong the spring - ing.... thyme, "O

peal up - on our wed - ding, And we will hear the.....

chime, And come. to church in time."

rall. *p* Meno mosso

But when the snows at Christmas On Bre - don top were

rall. *p*

strown, My love rose up so ear - ly And

stole out un - be - known, And went to church a -

pp

- lone. They toll'd the one bell on - ly,

pp

Groom there was none to see, The mourn - ers fol - low'd

af - ter, And so to church went she, And

would not wait for me.

pp

mf

The bells they sound on Bre - don, And

mf

still the stee - ples hum, "Come all to church, good

f *rall.*

peo - - ple,"— Oh, noi - sy bells, be.... dumb; I hear you,

f *rall.*

I will come.

a tempo - - *rall* -

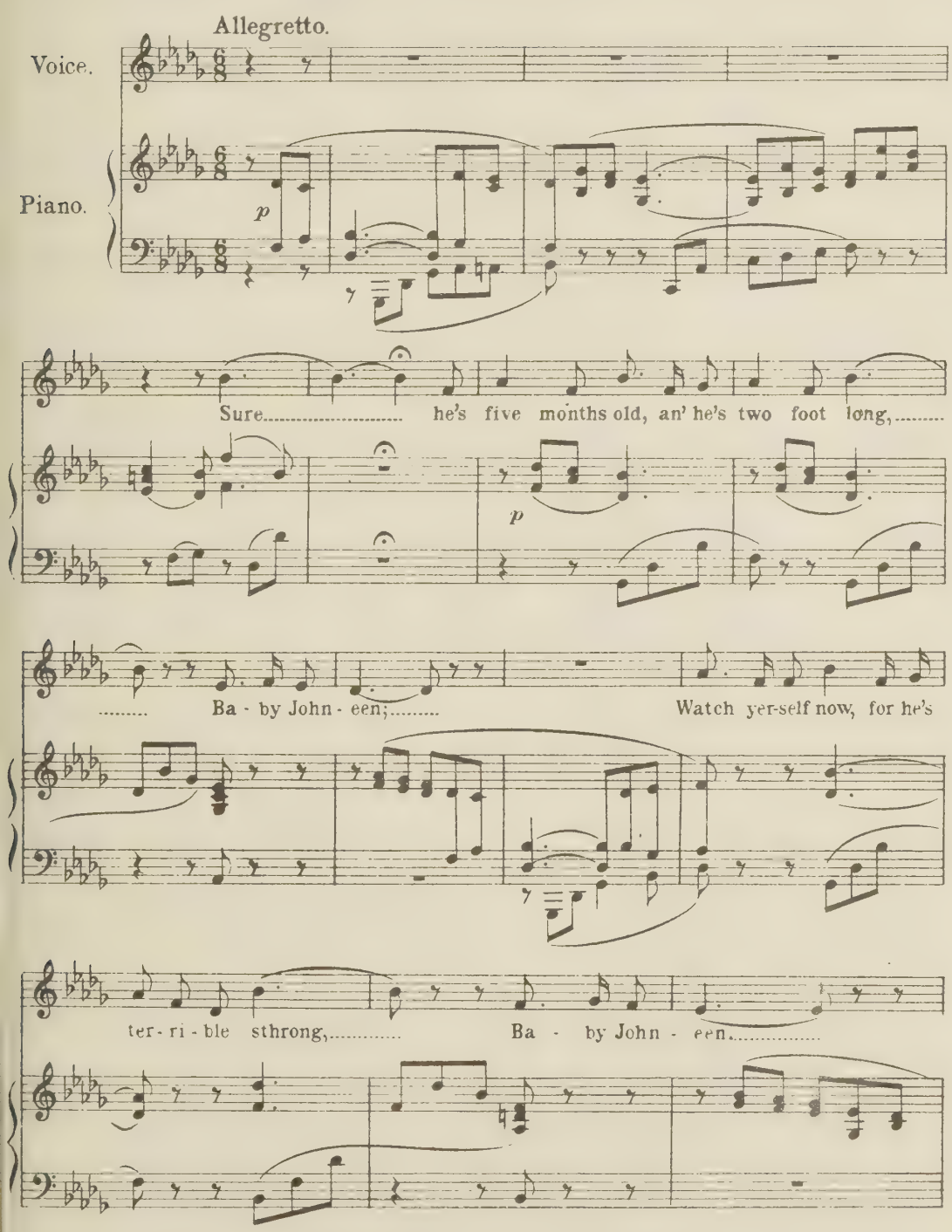
pp

JOHNEEN.

(from "An Irish Idyll")

Words by
MOIRA O'NEILL.
from "Songs of the Glens of Antrim."
By permission of Messrs Wm. Blackwood & Sons.

Music by
C. V. STANFORD.
Op. 77.



Published also for high voice in "An Irish Idyll" No 2. Edition.

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cresc. *p*

An' his fists 'll be up if ye make a-ny slips, He has fin - ger-ends like the

f *rall.* *tempo.*

dai-sy-tips, But he'll have ye at-tend to the words of his lips,..... Will John-

cresc. *colla voce* *dim.*

Allegro moderato.

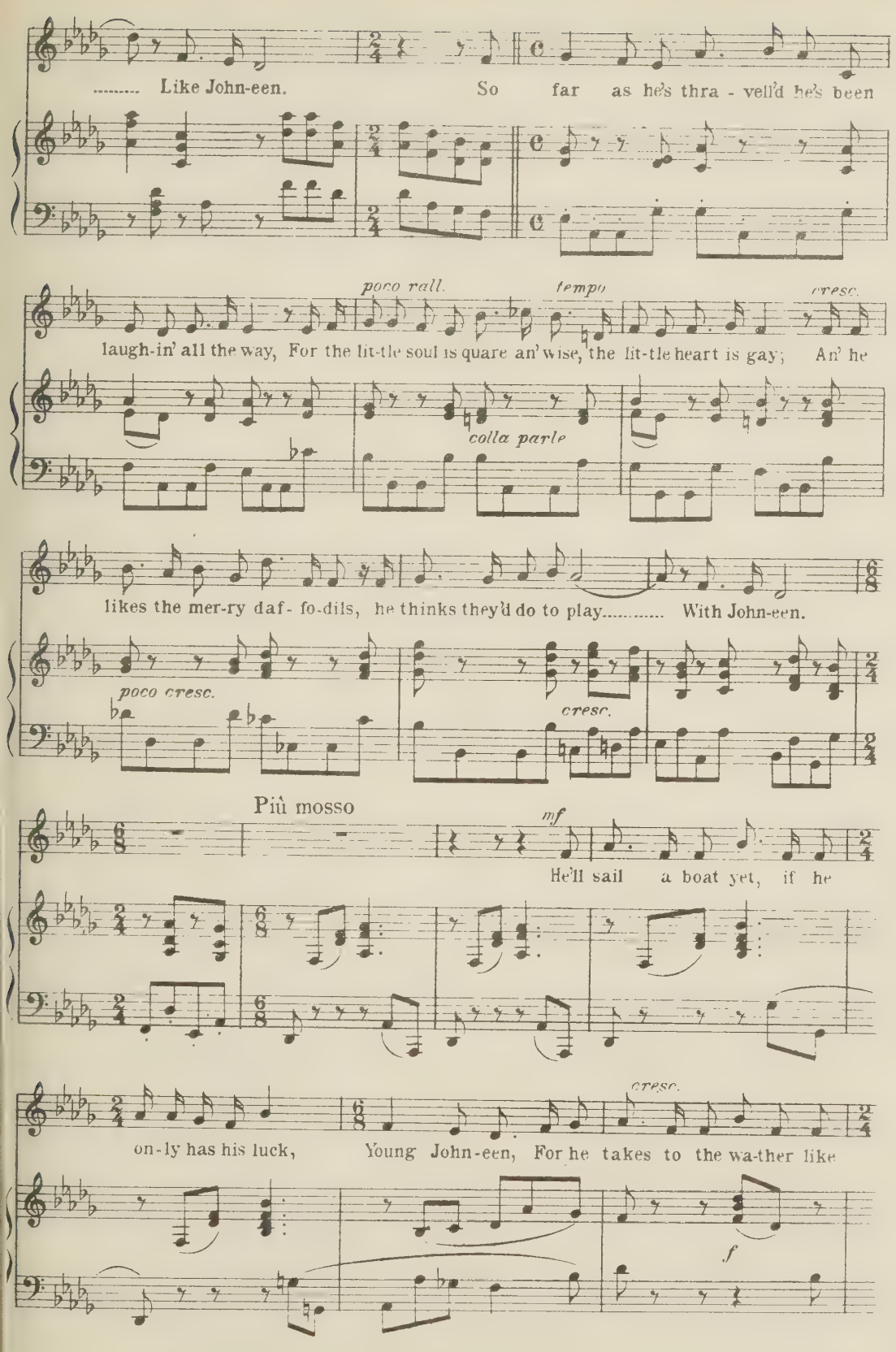
- een..... There'

p

no - bo-dy can right-ly tell the col - our of his eyes,..... This John-een;

leggiero.

For they're part - ly o' the earth an' still they're part - ly o' the skies,.....


Like John-een.
So far as he's thra - vell'd he's been
poco rall.
tempo
cresc.
laugh-in' all the way, For the lit-tle soul is quare an' wise, the lit-tle heart is gay; An' he
colla parte
likes the mer-ry daf- fo-dils, he thinks they'd do to play..... With John-een.
poco cresc.
cresc.
Più mosso
mf
He'll sail a boat yet, if he
cresc.
on-ly has his luck, Young John-een, For he takes to the wa-ther like
f

a - ny lit - tle duck, Boy John - een; Sure them are the hands now to

mf

pull on a rope, An' nate feet for walk - in' the deck on a slope, But the

p

rall.

ship she must wait a wee while yet, I hope, ... For John -

p colla parte

- een. ..... For we

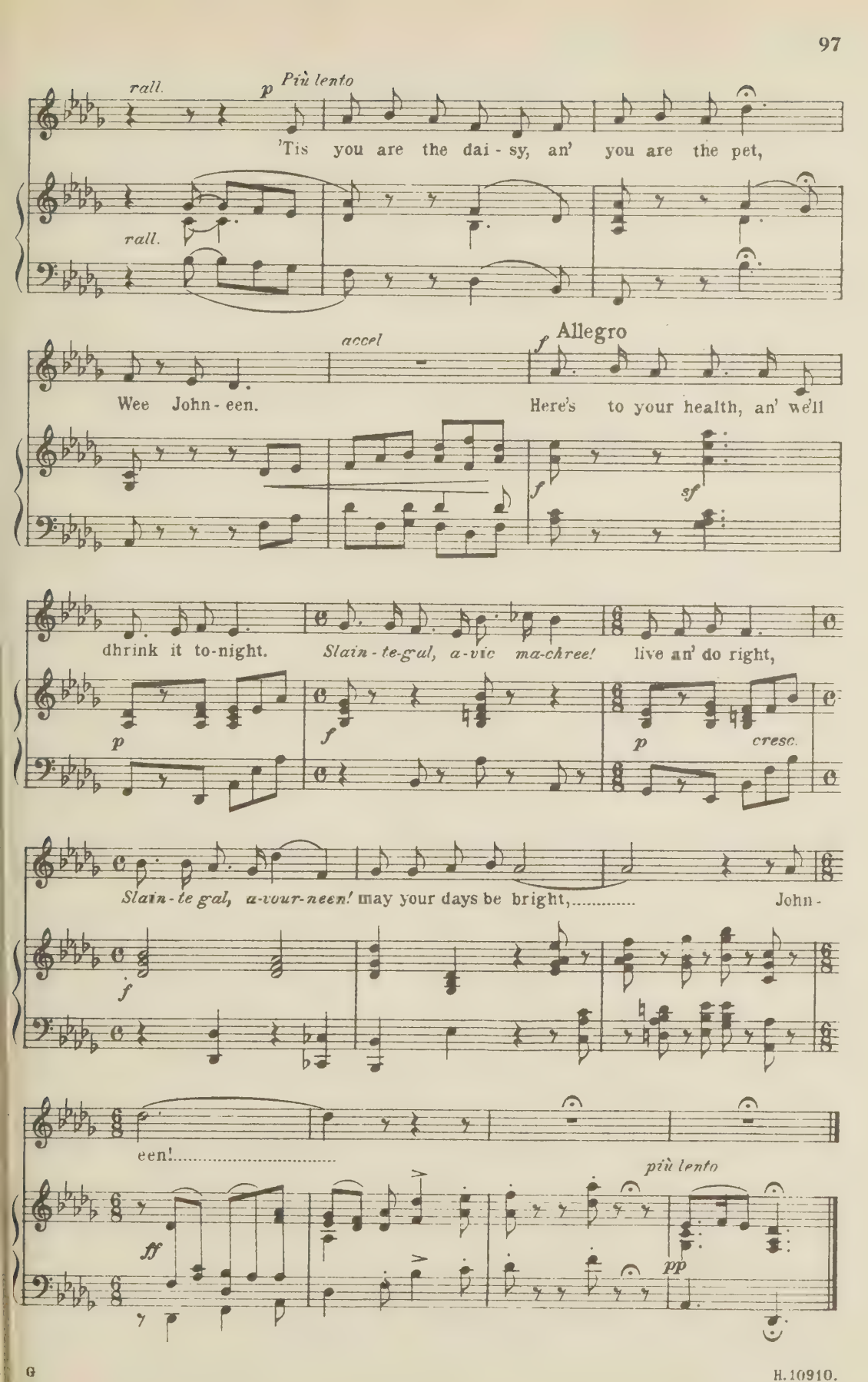
rall.

poco più lento

could - n't do want - in' him, not just yet, Och, John - een; .....

f *a tempo*

mf

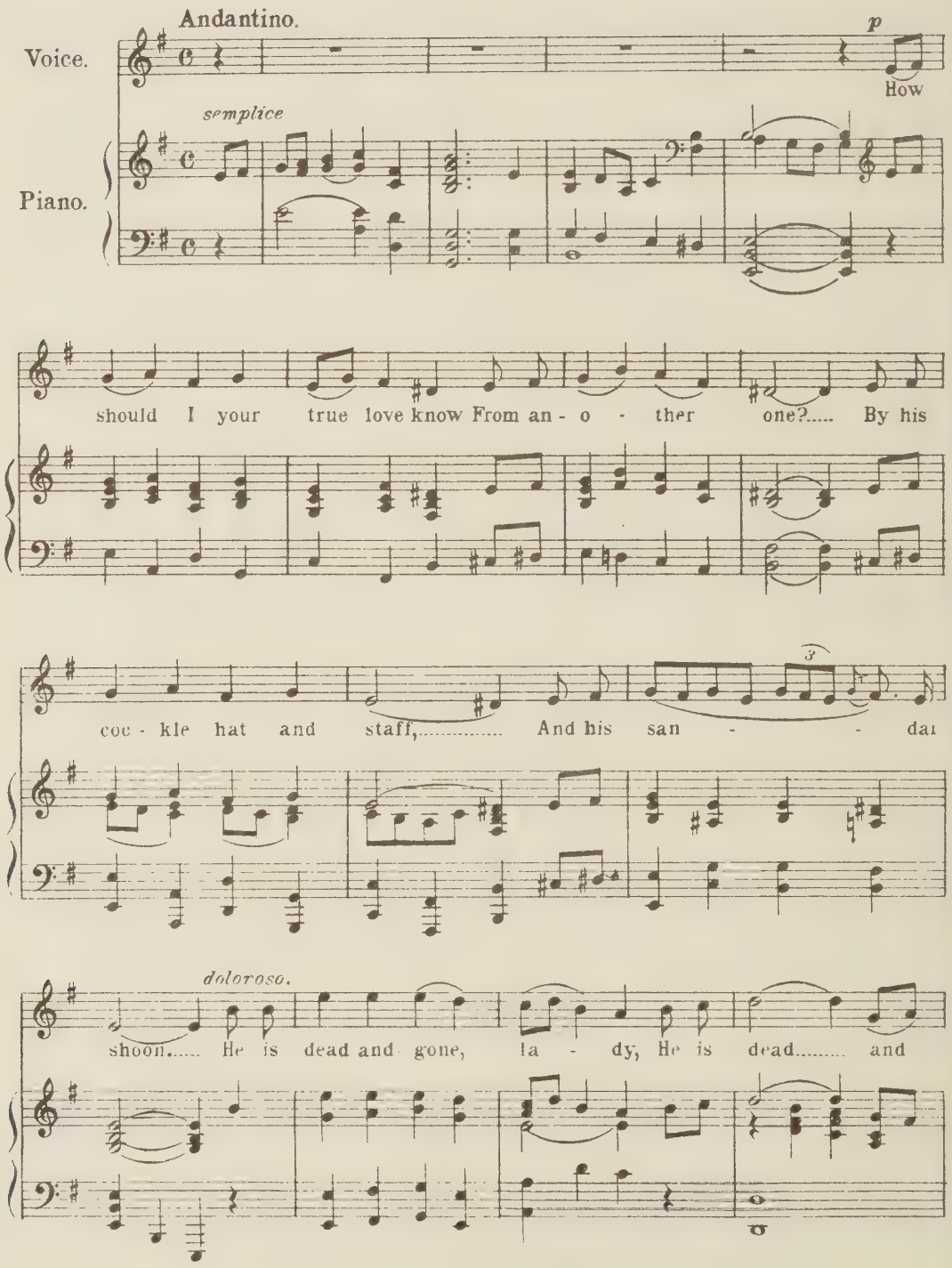

rall.
p
Più lento
'Tis you are the dai - sy, an' you are the pet,
rall.
accel
f
Allegro
Wee John - een.
Here's to your health, an' we'll
f
sf
dhrink it to-night.
Slain - te-gal, a-vic ma-chree!
live an' do right,
p
f
p
cresc.
Slain - te gal, a-vour-neen! may your days be bright,.....
John -
f
een!.....
più lento
ff
pp

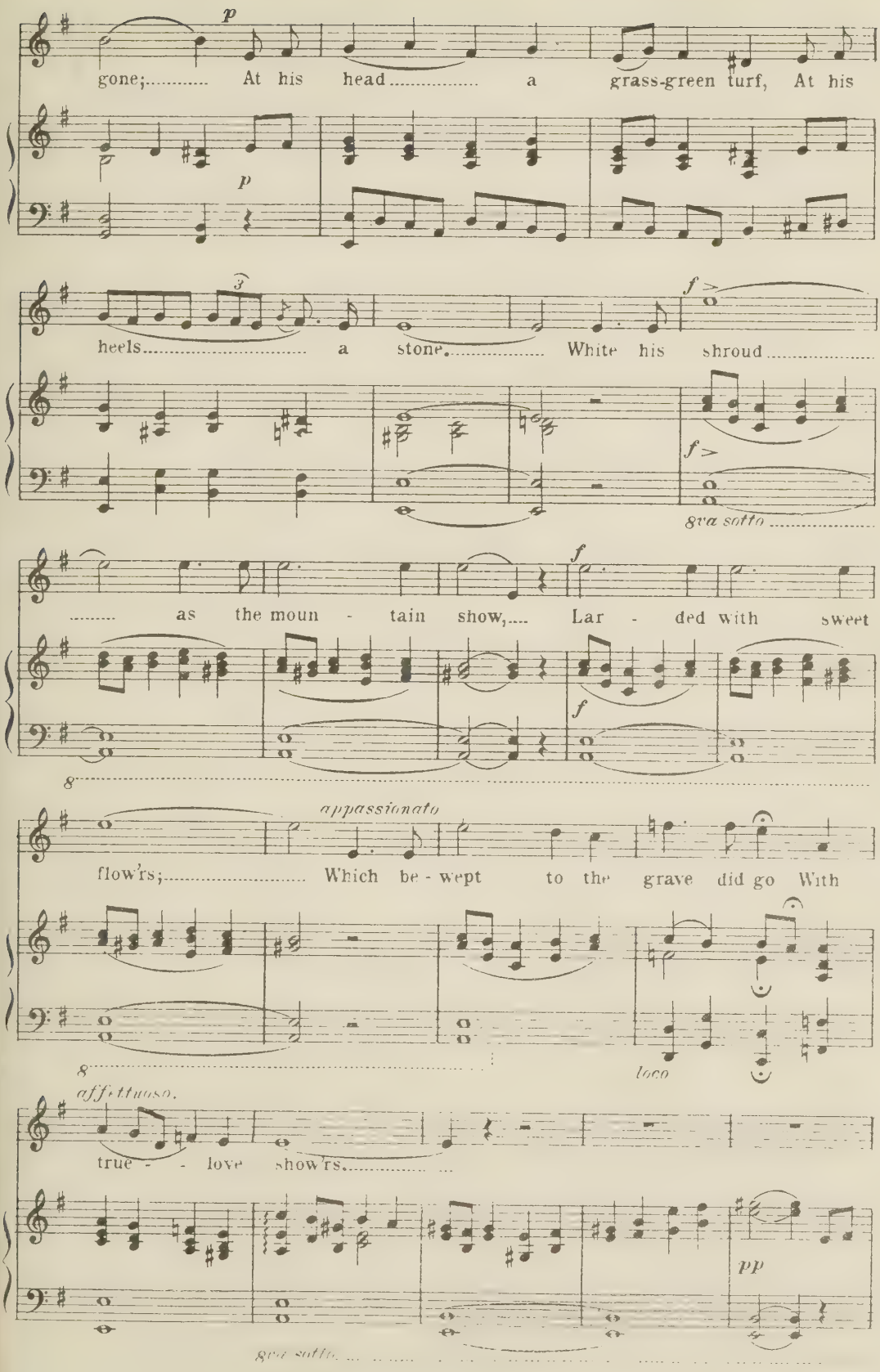
To
Miss Maud Holden

OPHELIA'S SONG.

Words by
SHAKESPEARE.
from "Hamlet."

Music by
MAUDE VALERIE WHITE.




p
gone; At his head a grass-green turf, At his
p
heels a stone. White his shroud
f
8va sotto
as the moun - tain show, Lar - ded with sweet
f
appassionato
flow'rs; Which be - wept to the grave did go With
loco
affettuoso.
true - - love show'rs.
pp
8va sotto

p

And

loco

p

will..... he not come a - gain? And will he not come a -

- gain?..... No,..... no,..... he is dead:..... Go.....

3

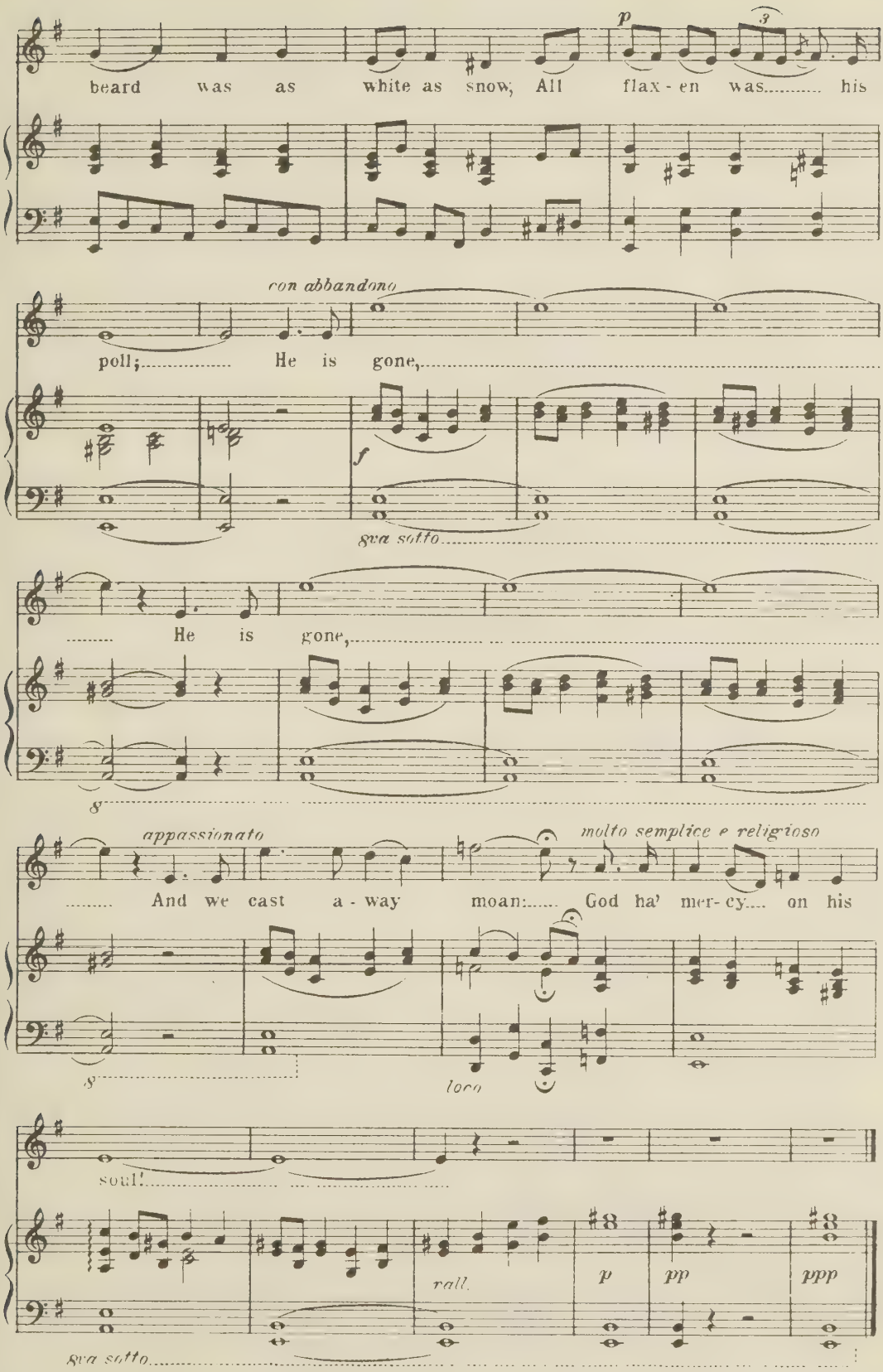
doloroso

to..... thy.... death - - bed..... He nev - er, nev - er will

come a - gain, He..... nev - er will come a - gain..... His

p

p


p
beard was as white as snow; All flax-en was..... his
con abbandono
poll;..... He is gone,.....
f
8va sotto
..... He is gone,.....
8
appassionato
molto semplice e religioso
..... And we cast a-way moan:..... God ha' mer-cy.... on his
8
loco
soul!.....
rall.
p
pp
ppp
8va sotto

To
Mrs Russell Barrington.

MAGDALEN.

Words by
HENRY KINGSLEY.

Music by
CAROLINE MAUDE.
(Viscountess Harwarden.)

Voice.

Piano.

p

Mag - da-len, at Michael's gate, Tirled at the pin. On Jo-seph's thorn sang the black-bird,—

cresc. *rit.*

Sang the black-bird, "Let her in, let her in, let her

colla voce

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in!" "Hast thou

a tempo *rit.* *a tempo*

seen the wounds?" said Mi - chael, "Know-est thou thy sin?"

p

"It is eve-ning," sang the black-bird, Sang the

cresc. *p* *rit.*

black-bird, "Let her in, let her in, let her in!"

colla voce *a tempo*

"Yes,..... I have seen the

p

rit. *a tempo.*

wounds, And I know my sin?" "She

colla voce. *colla voce.*

knows it well," sang the black - bird,— "Let her in, let her

in!"

f

"Thou bring'st no of - fer - ings?" said Mi - chael,—

"Naught save, sin!" "She is

sor - ry," sang the black - bird, "She is

sor ry, let her in, let her in, let her

rit.

colla voce

in!"

agitato e accel.

f *cresc.* *ff*

simile.

dim. *dim e rall.*

When he had sung him-self to sleep,..... And

pp *p* *ppp*

night did be - gin, and night did be-

pp

-gin; ONE came and o-pened Mi - chael's gate,..... And

Mag - da - len went..... in.....

colla voce.

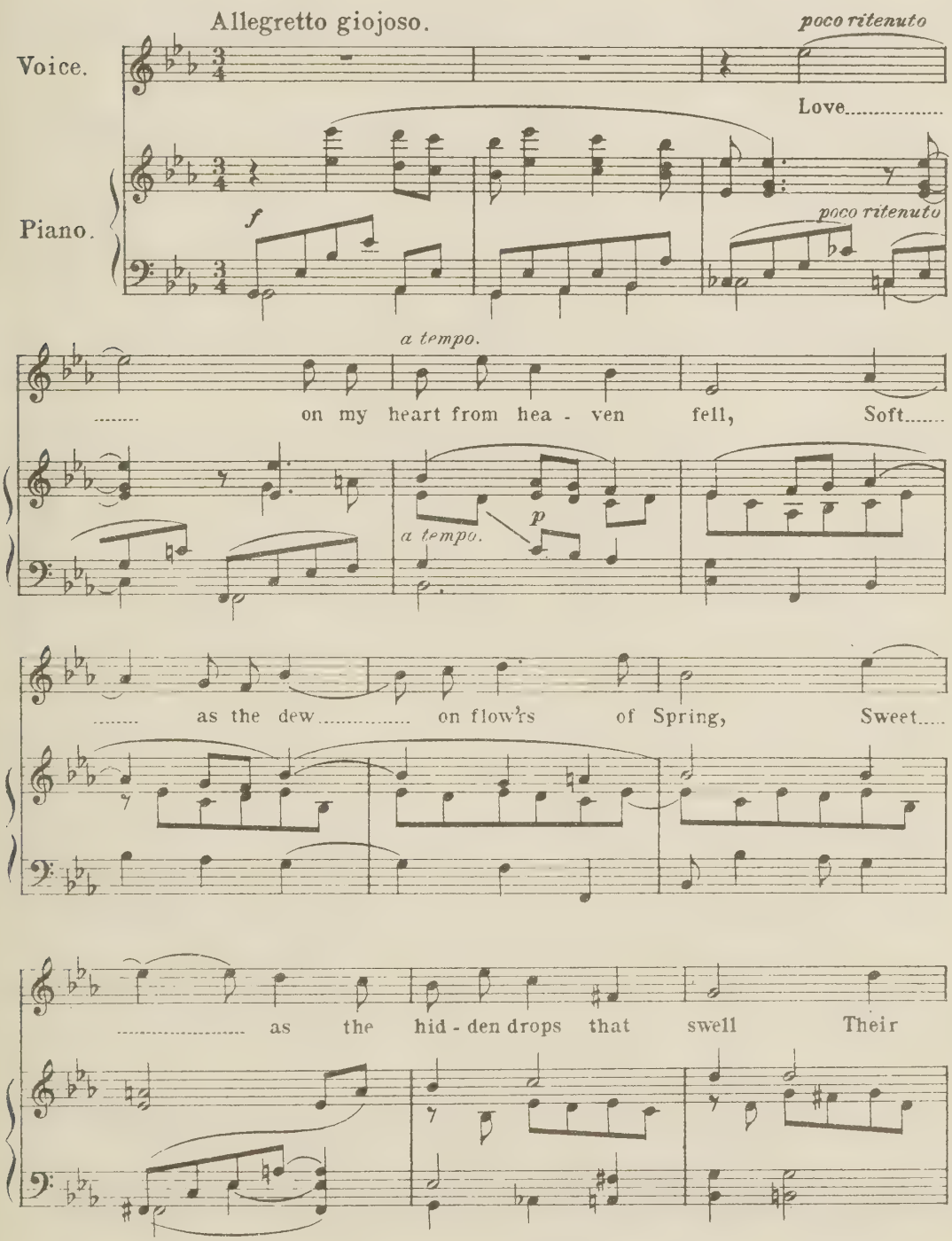
8 *loco.*

dim. *pp*

LOVE ON MY HEART FROM HEAVEN FELL.

Words by
ROBERT BRIDGES.

Music by
CLIVE CAREY.



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ho - ney - throat - ed chal - i - cing.

f

poco ritenuto. *a tempo.*

Now ..... nev - er from him do I

poco ritenuto. *a tempo.* *p*

part, Ho - san - na ev - er-more I cry, I.....

..... taste his sa-vour in my heart, And bid all.....

praise.... him as do I.

With-out him nought-so-ev-er is, Nor was..... a

-fore, nor e'er shall be:

mf *cresc.*

Nor..... an-y oth-er joy than his Wish

f

allarg. *quasi a tempo.*

I,..... wish I..... for mine..... to com-fort

colla voce. *p*

me.

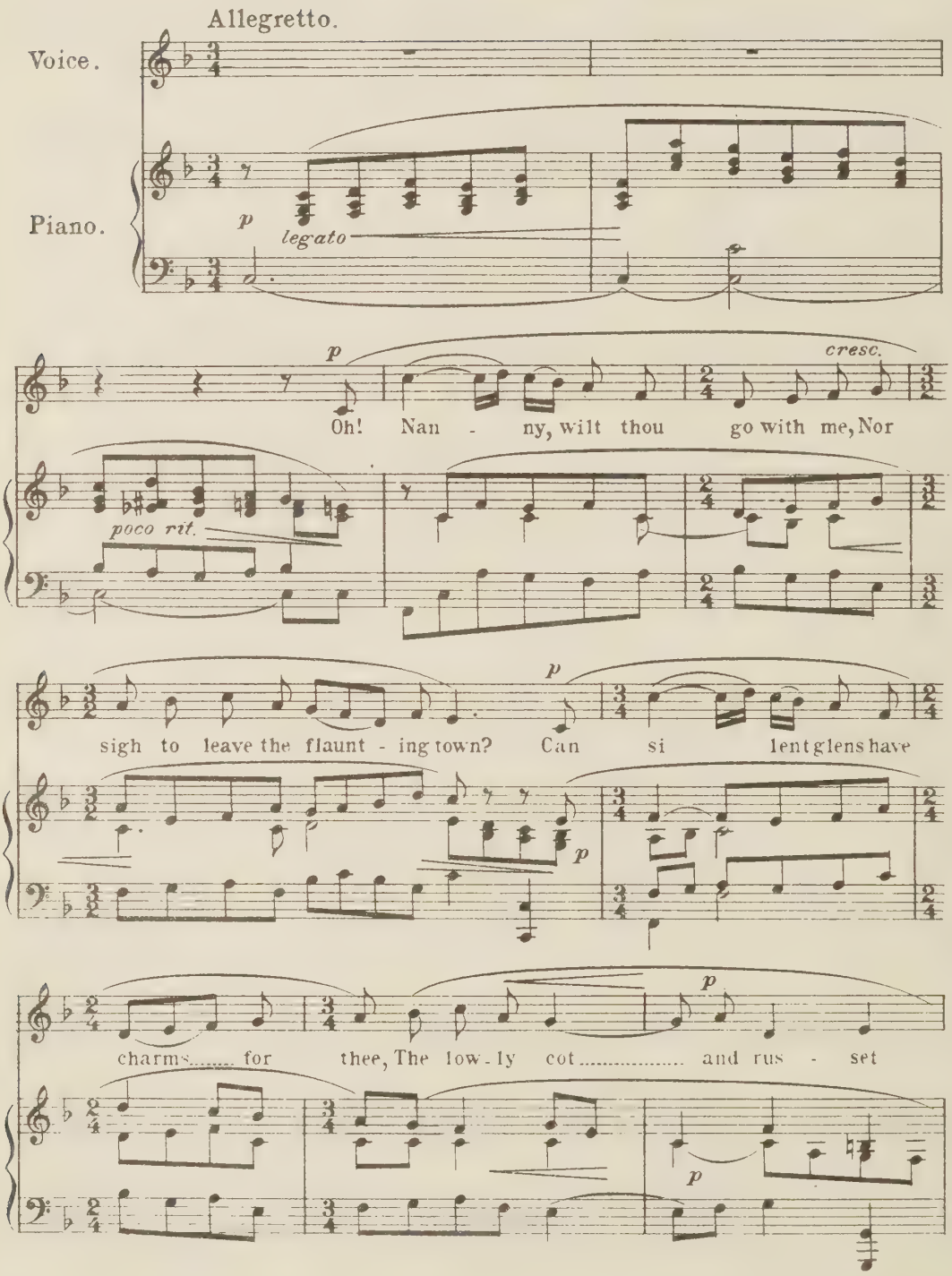
f *ff*

To
Robert Chignell

NANNY.

Words by
THOMAS PERCY.

Music by
HAROLD SAMUEL.



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gown?..... No long - - er drest in silk - - - en

cresc.

poco allargando

sheen, No long - er deck'd with jew - - els

colla voce

p

rare,..... Say, canst thou quit each court - - ly

cresc.

scene Where thou wert fair - est of the fair?.....

appass.

cresc.

cresc.

Oh! Nan - ny, when thou'rt far a-way, Wilt

sf *cresc.*

dim. *dolce.*

thou not cast a wish be-hind? Say, canst thou face the parch-ing rays Nor

dim. *p*

poco cresc. *p poco rit.*

shrink be-fore the cruel wind, Or when thy swain mishap shall rue, ...

sf *p colla voce*

allargando

..... To share with him the pangs of woe? Oh! .....Nan-ny, canst thou love..... so

f allargando.

più e più a tempo

true, Thro' pe-rils keen with me to go?.....

più e più a tempo

mf *cresc*

p

Oh! Nan ny, wilt thou go with me, Nor

sf *p* *sempre legato*

sigh to leave the flaunt - ing town? Can si - - lent glens have charms for

thee, The low - ly cot..... and rus - set gown?..... Oh

colla voce

poco cresc.

can that soft and gen - - - - tle

poco cresc. *poco allarg.* *a tempo*

mien Ex-tremes of hard - ship learn..... to bear, Nor

poco allarg. *a tempo*

cresc e rall - - -

sad..... re-gret each court - - ly scene Where thou wert

rall -

- en - - tan - - do *f*

fair - est of the fair?.....

- en - - tan - do. *f*

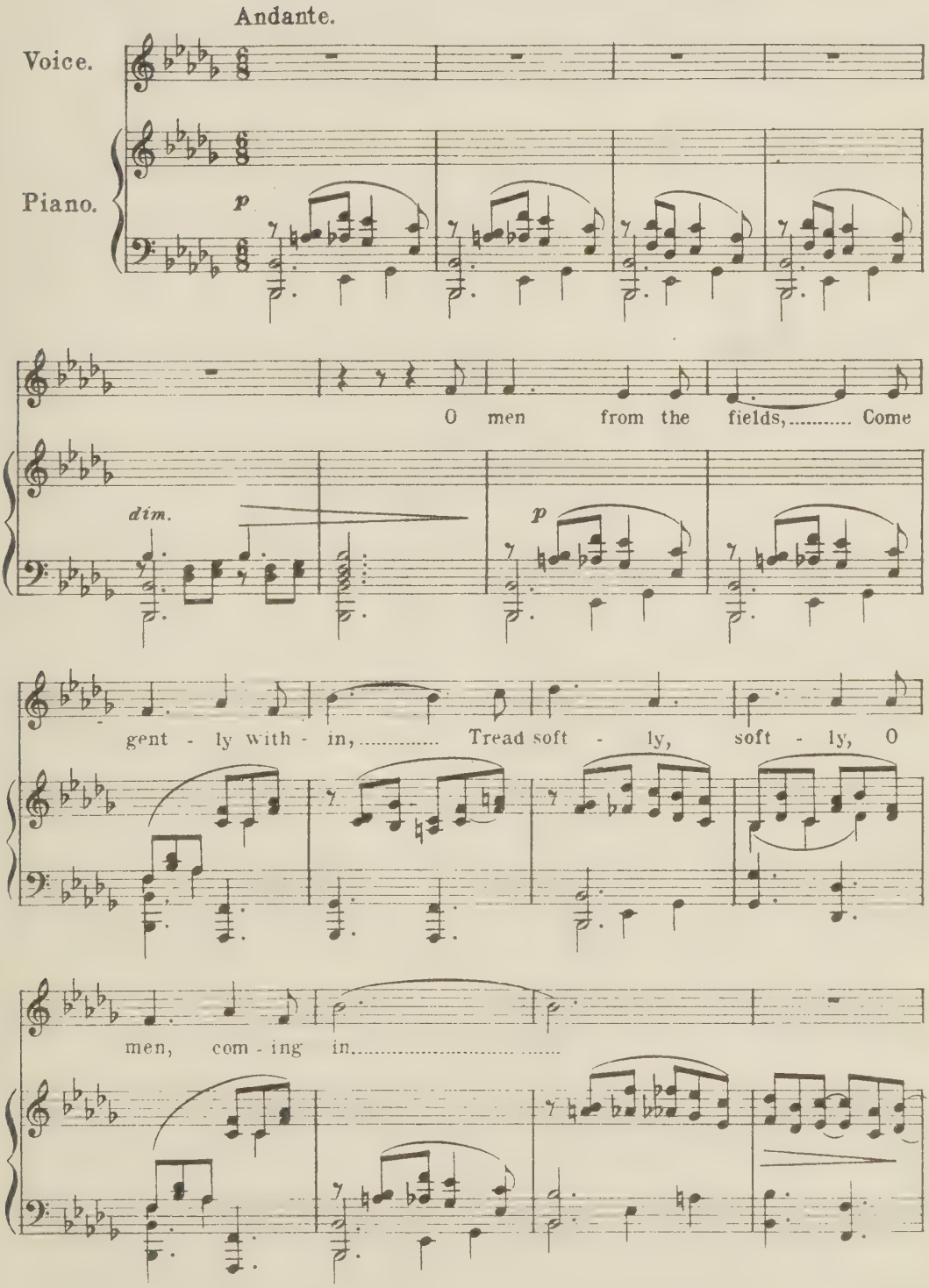
O MEN FROM THE FIELDS.

A CRADLE SONG

(from "Songs from Connacht")

Words by
PADRAIC COLUM.

Music by
HERBERT HUGHES.



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For* m' mhurn-in's go-ing From me and from you..... Where

Ma - ry will fold him With man-tle of blue,

cresc.

Più animando.

From reek of the smoke..... And

cresc.

f

cold..... of the floor..... And peer - ing of things A -

cross..... the half - door.....

f

dim.

*pronounce - ma-vourn-yeens

pp

O

Tempo I.

men from the fields,..... Soft, soft - ly come

through;..... Ma - ry.... puts round him Her man - tle of

pp

pp

blue.....

a tempo.

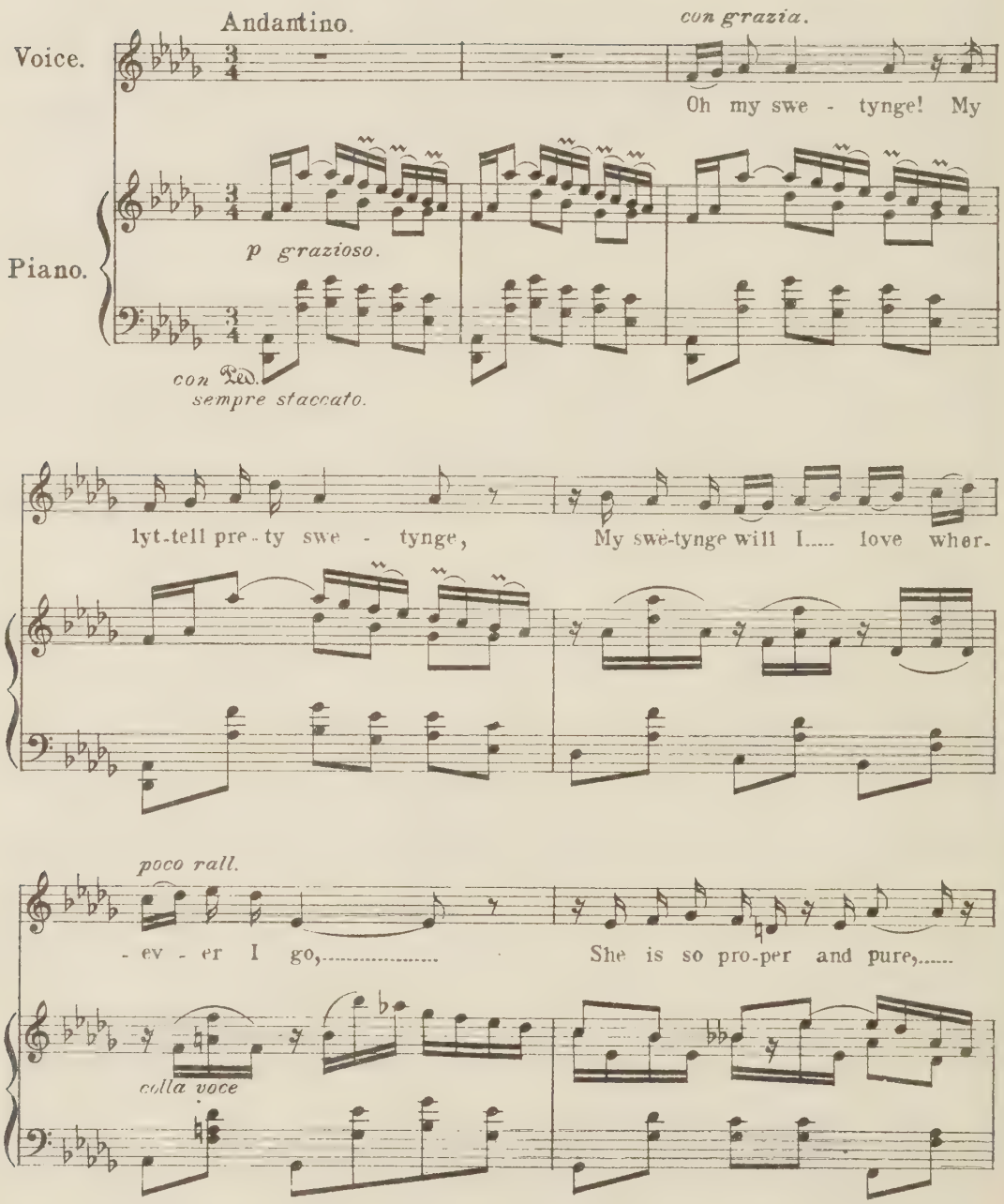
pp

To
Robert Chignell.

OH! MY SWETYNGE!

Words
Anon.

Music by
HAROLD SAMUEL



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poco allarg.

Full sted-fast, sta-bill and de-mure, There is none such, ye may be sure, As

suivez.

my lyt-tell swe - - tynge.

in tempo

sf

In all thys world, as thynk-eth me, Is none so plea-sant to my eye,

That I am glad so oft to see,...As.... my.. swete swe - tynge.

When I be-hold my swe-tynge swete, Her face, her hands, her minion feet,

poco cresc. e rall.

They seem to me there's none so mete As... my swete swe - tynge,.....

rall. *molto rall.*

pp

Oh! my swe - tynge, My lyt-tell pre-ty swe - - tynge.

a tempo *sempre molto piano*

pp

My swe-tynge will I..... love wher - ev - er I go,.....

colla voce

She is so pro - per and pure,... Full sted-fast, sta-bill, and de- mure,

poco rall.

There is none such, ye may be sure,

poco rall. *con espress.*

Lento.

pp

As my swete swe - - tynge.

Lento.

Tempo I.

mf

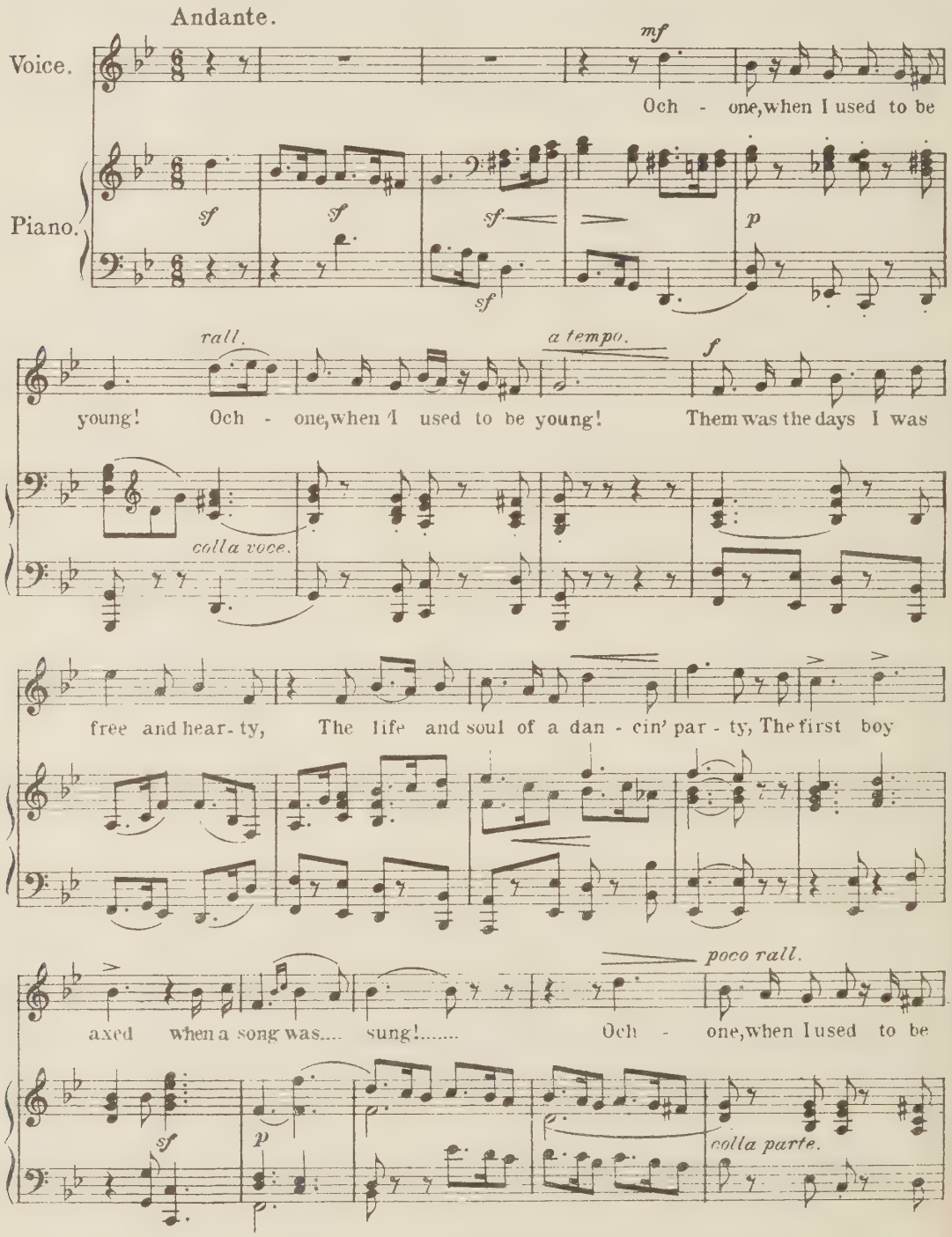
più e più rall.

OCHONE, WHEN I USED TO BE YOUNG!

(from "Shamus O'Brien")

Words by
GEO. H. JESSOP.

Music by
C. VILLIERS STANFORD.



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f a tempo.

young! Then I could coort as sweet as ho-ney; Di-vil a hair I

f *p* *pp* *f* *p*

thought of mo-ney, Och sure, I was brave and young.

p

p *poco rall.*

Och - one, when I used to be young!.....

colla parte.

f

Più mosso.

sf *sf*

Now look at me, poor and bat-ter'd, Cau - been patch'd and

p *sf* *p*

ff

coat all tat-ter'd, Look at the work of a wo - - man's

mf *f*

tongue! Born from the kings that ruled the pa-rish,

p

Sure a - ny girl ..... should be proud of mar-riage Wid the

mp

ould - est stock..... She lived.... a - mong. Och - one!

Tempo I.

pp

Och - one, when I used to be young, used to be

sf

young!..... The fai - ries danced at my

mo - ther's mar - ry - in', ... The

Ban - shee keen'd..... at my fa - ther's

ber - ry - in', ... The

wild - - est keen that e - ver she sung!.....

Sure all the world has turn'd a - gin me, Since No - ra

sour'd the love with - in me Wid a could sharp 'No' from her

f *mf* *sf*

Più lento.

cru - el tongue. Och - one!

p

Och-one! Och-one! Och - one!..... Och -

- one, when I used to be young! Och - one! Och - one! When I

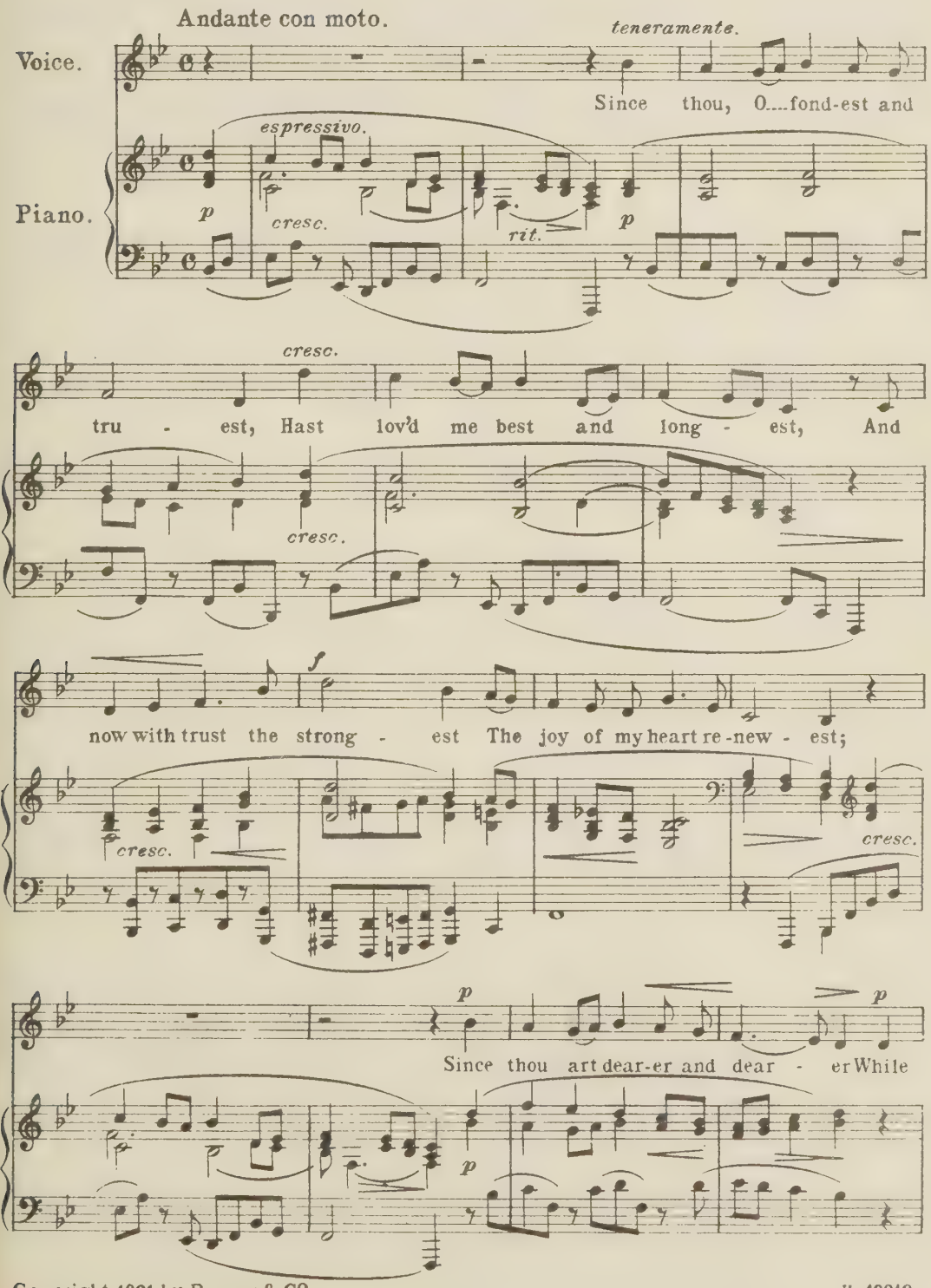
used to be young! Och-one!

p

SINCE THOU, O FONDEST.

Words by
ROBERT BRIDGES.

Music by
SAMUEL LIDDLE.



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cresc.

oth - er hearts grow cold - er, And ev - er, as love is

p cresc.

f sf dim. mf

old - er, More lov - ing - ly draw - est near - er: Since

f espress. sf p pp

cresc sempre. f

now I see in the mea - sure Of all my giv - ing and

mf cresc sempre. f

allarg.

tak - ing, Thou wert my hand in the mak - ing, The

sf allarg. sf

sense.... and..... soul of my plea - - sure; The

good I have ne - 'er re - paid thee In heav'n I.....pray be re -

- cord - ed, And all thy love re-ward - ed By....

God, thy Mas-ter that made thee.

sf *p* *cresc.* *f rit.* *dim.* *dolce.* *rit. e dim.* *pp* *colgues* L. H.

YOUNG LOVE LIES SLEEPING.

(from "Love in Spring-time.")

Words by
CHRISTINA ROSSETTI.

Music by
ARTHUR SOMERVELL.

Andante sostenuto.

Voice.

Piano.

pp

Young Love lies sleep - ing In..... May - time of..... the year,

A-mong the li - lies, Lapp'd in ten - - der light: White lambs come graz - ing,

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pp

White doves come build-ing there; And round a - bout him The...

pp

May bush-es are white.

pp

Young Love lies dream-ing; But who can tell the dream? A

pp

per - fect sun-light On... rust-ling for - est tips,— Or

pp

per - fect moon - light Up-on a rip - pling stream; Or

pp

per - fect si - lence, Or.... song of cher-ished lips.

mf

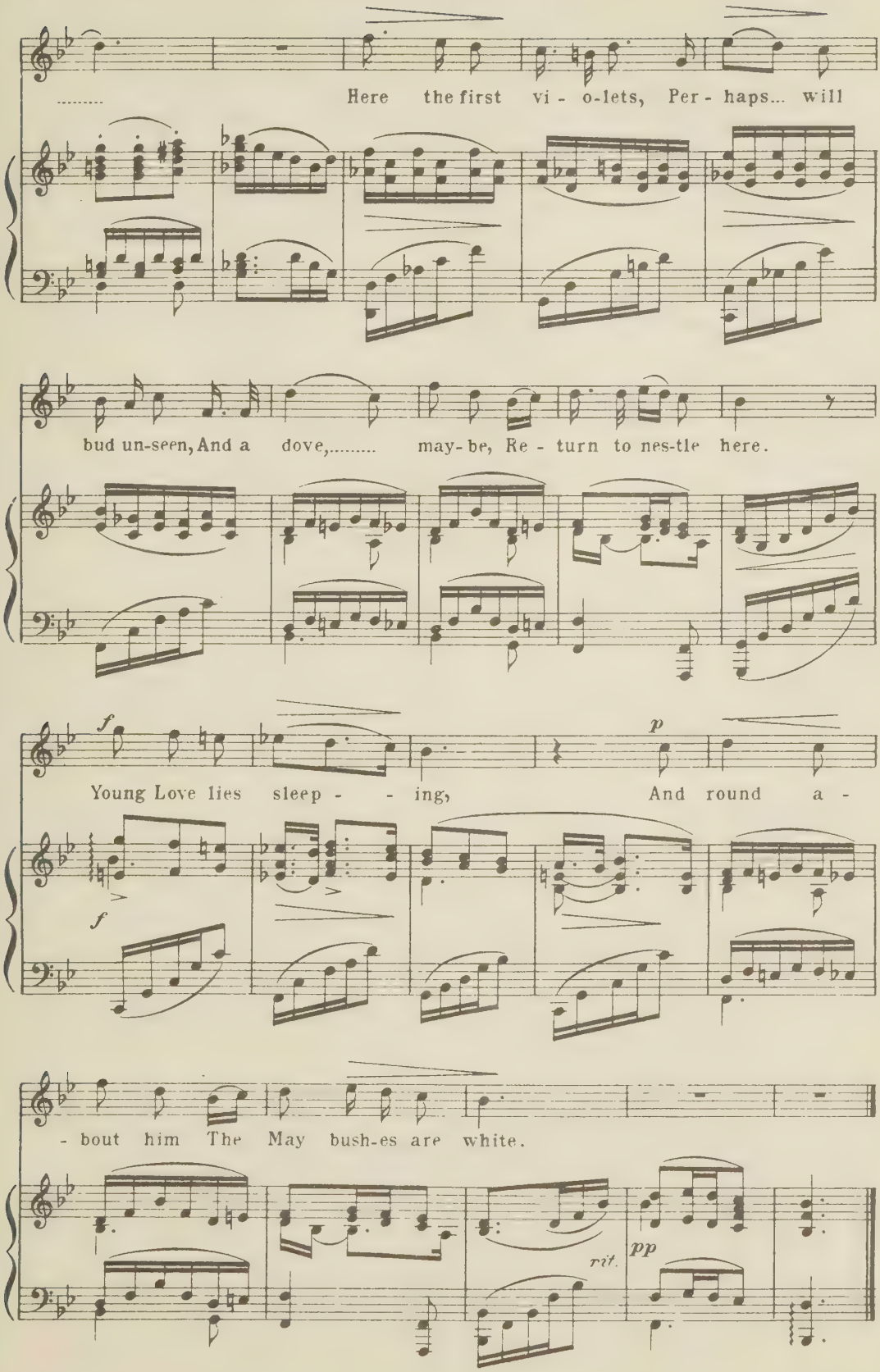
Draw close the cur - tains Of branch - ed e - ver-green;

mf

pp

Change can-not touch them With fa-ded fin-gers sere.....

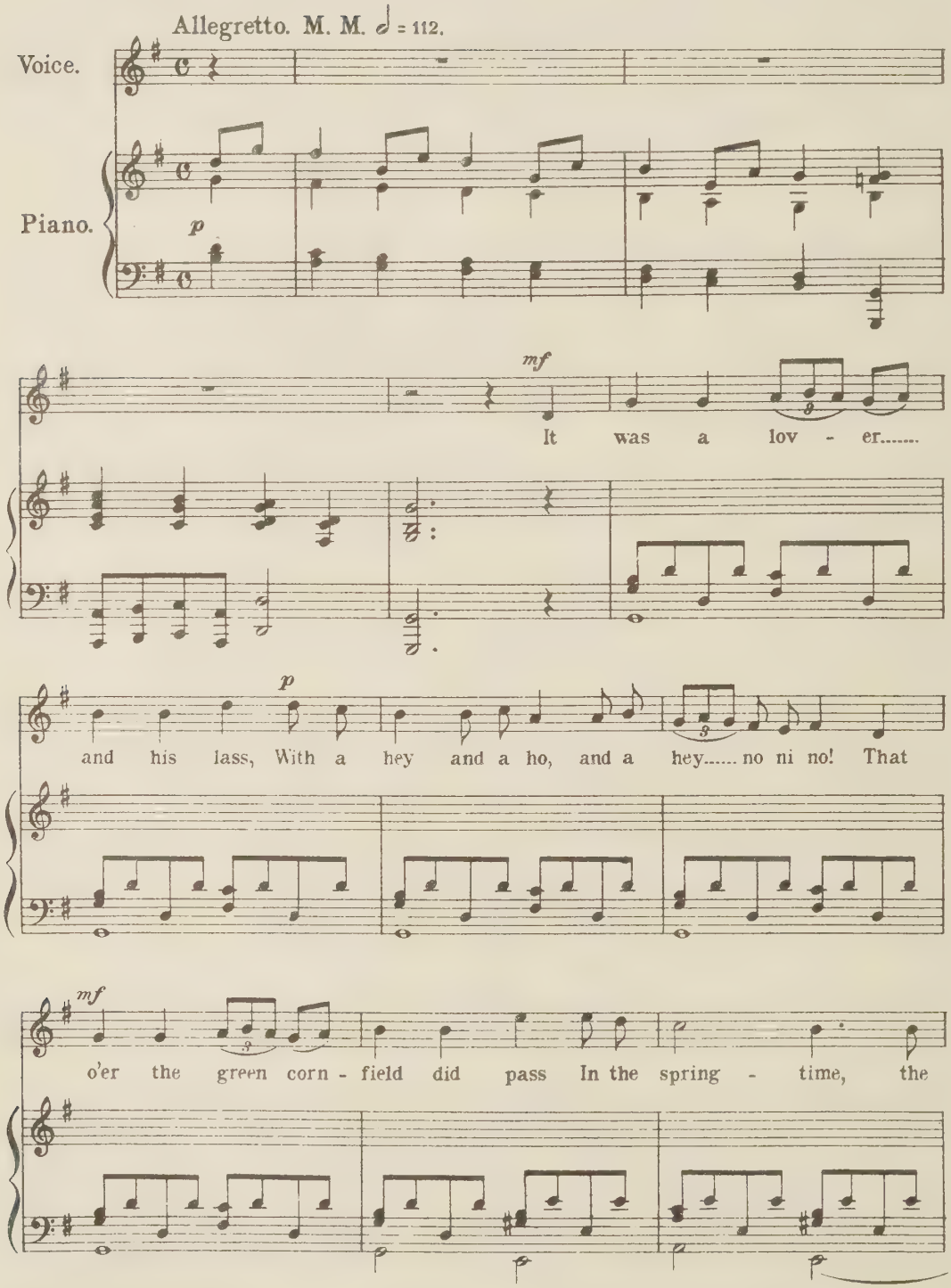
pp

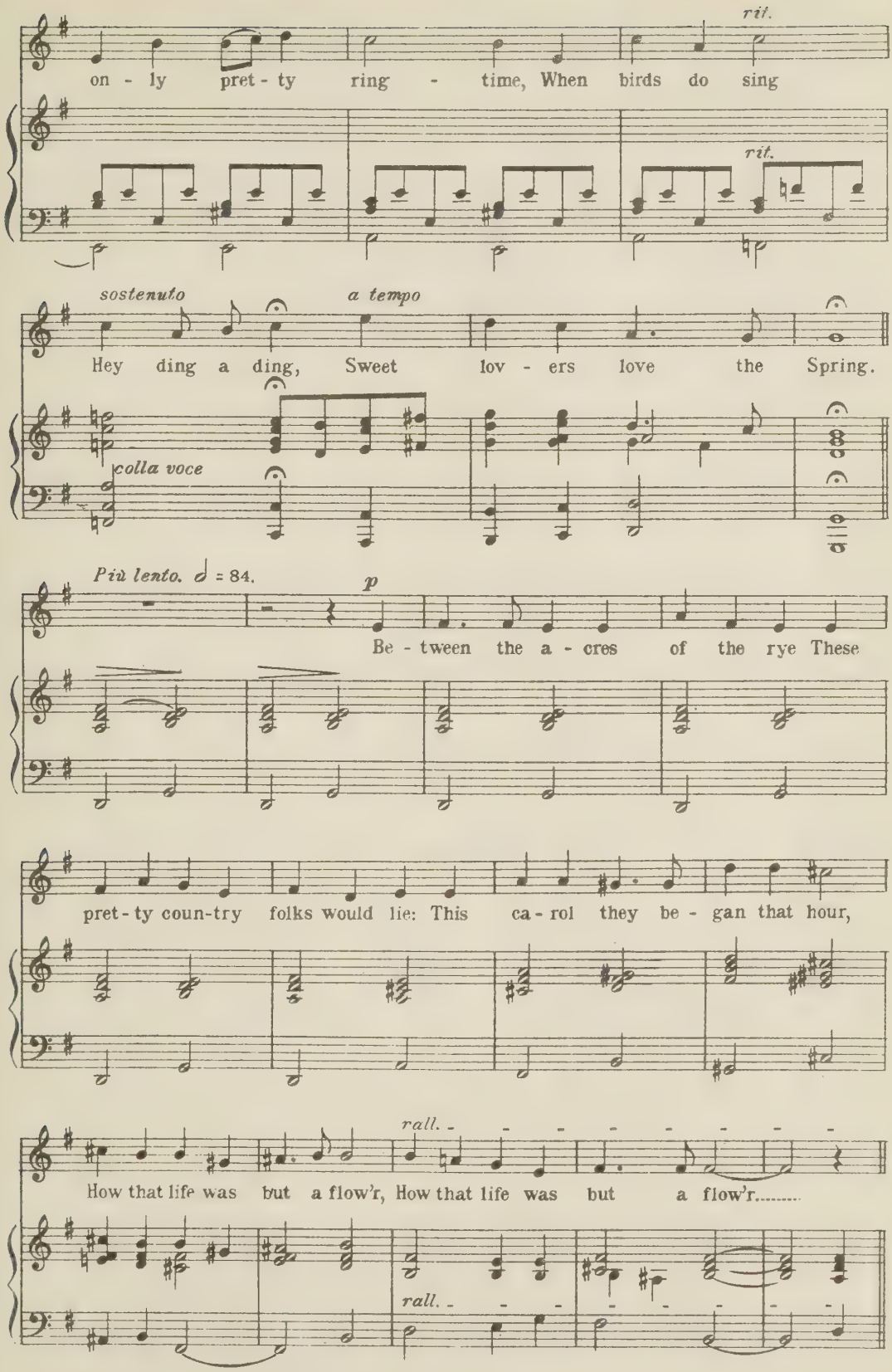

Here the first vi - o-lets, Per - haps... will
bud un-seen, And a dove,..... may-be, Re - turn to nes-tle here.
f
p
Young Love lies sleep - - ing, And round a -
f
- bout him The May bush-es are white.
rit.
pp

A SPRING SONG.

Words by
SHAKESPEARE.
(From "As you like it")

Music by
C. HUBERT H. PARRY.
Op. 21 No. 2.




rit.
on - ly pret - ty ring - time, When birds do sing
rit.
sostenuto
a tempo
Hey ding a ding, Sweet lov - ers love the Spring.
colla voce
Più lento. 𝅗𝅥 = 84.
p
Be - tween the a - cres of the rye These
pret - ty coun-try folks would lie: This ca - rol they be - gan that hour,
rall.
How that life was but a flow'r, How that life was but a flow'r.....
rall.

mf Tempo primo. *p*

And there-fore take the pre-sent time With a hey and a ho, and a

mf

hey no ni no! For love is crown-ed.... with the prime, In....

spring - time, the on - ly pret-ty ring - time, When

rit. *sostenuto* *f*

birds do sing Hey ding a ding, Sweet lov-ers love.... the Spring.

rit. *sf sostenuto* *f*

SEE WHERE MY LOVE A-MAYING GOES.

Words XVII Century.

Music by
C. A. LIDGEY.

Allegro vivace.

Voice.

Piano.

p

Ped.

mf

See where my

love a - may - ing goes With sweet dame Flo - ra

sport - ing!..... She most a - lone.....

Also published separately in E♭, F & G.

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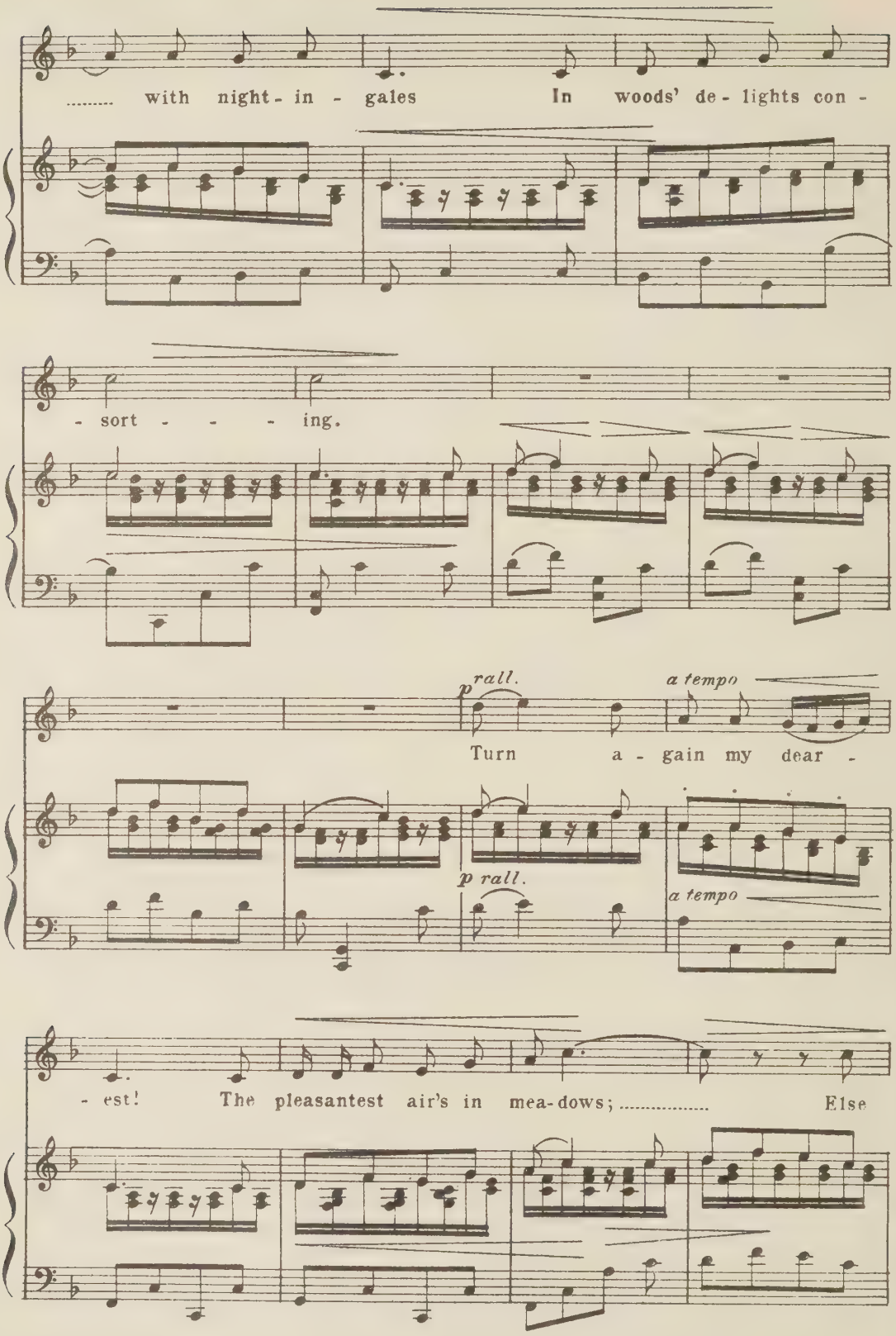
..... with night - in - gales In woods' de - lights con -
- sort - - - ing.
p rall.
a tempo
Turn a - gain my dear -
p rall.
a tempo
- est! The pleasantest air's in mea - dows; ..... Else

pp molto rall. *a tempo*

by..... the ri - ver let..... us..... breathe, And

pp molto rall. *a tempo*

kiss a-mongst the wil - lows,..... And kiss.....

p *poco rit.* *pp a tempo*

..... a-mongst the wil - - - lows.....

poco rit. *pp a tempo*

.....

poco rit. *f a tempo*

SUNNY MARCH.

Words by
NORMAN GALE.

Music by
C. A. LIDGEY.

Allegro giojoso.

Voice.

Piano.

mf The hedge is full of hou - ses, And the hou - ses full of eggs,– For it's spring; ..... So the yel - low - - ham - mer tin - kles To the haw - thorn green a -

pochiss. rall. *f a tempo* *pochiss. rall.* *a tempo*

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pochiss rall. *a tempo* *f*

-gain, On the wing..... The

pochiss rall. *a tempo*

spar-row, he the gym-nast, Swings more bold - ly on his

f

spray In the sun;..... And the

poco rall.

ma - vis floods the or - chard With an air too fine for

poco rall.

a tempo *mp* *pochiss. più lento.*

June,..... Trill and run..... Now my

a tempo *mp*

milk - ing-maid is wait - ing By the hay - stack for a

pp

kiss In the dusk;..... So I clasp my love in

poco rall.

li - lac, Dear - ly sweet with dou - ble scent,— Milk and

poco rall.

musk.....

a tempo I^mo *f*

THE RAIN IT RAINETH EVERY DAY.

Words by
SHAKESPEARE.
(from "Twelfth Night")

Music by
C. VILLIERS STANFORD.
Op. 65 No 3.

Moderato e leggiero.

Voice.

Piano.

mp *p*

When that I was and a tit-tle ti-ny boy, With

hey ho the wind..... and the rain, A fool-ish thing was but a toy,.....

p

..... For the rain..... it rain-eth ev-'ry day.....

mf *mf*

But when I..... came to man's es-tate, With

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p *f*

hey ho, the wind ..... and the rain. 'Gainst

p

p

knave and thief men shut their gate,..... For the rain .....

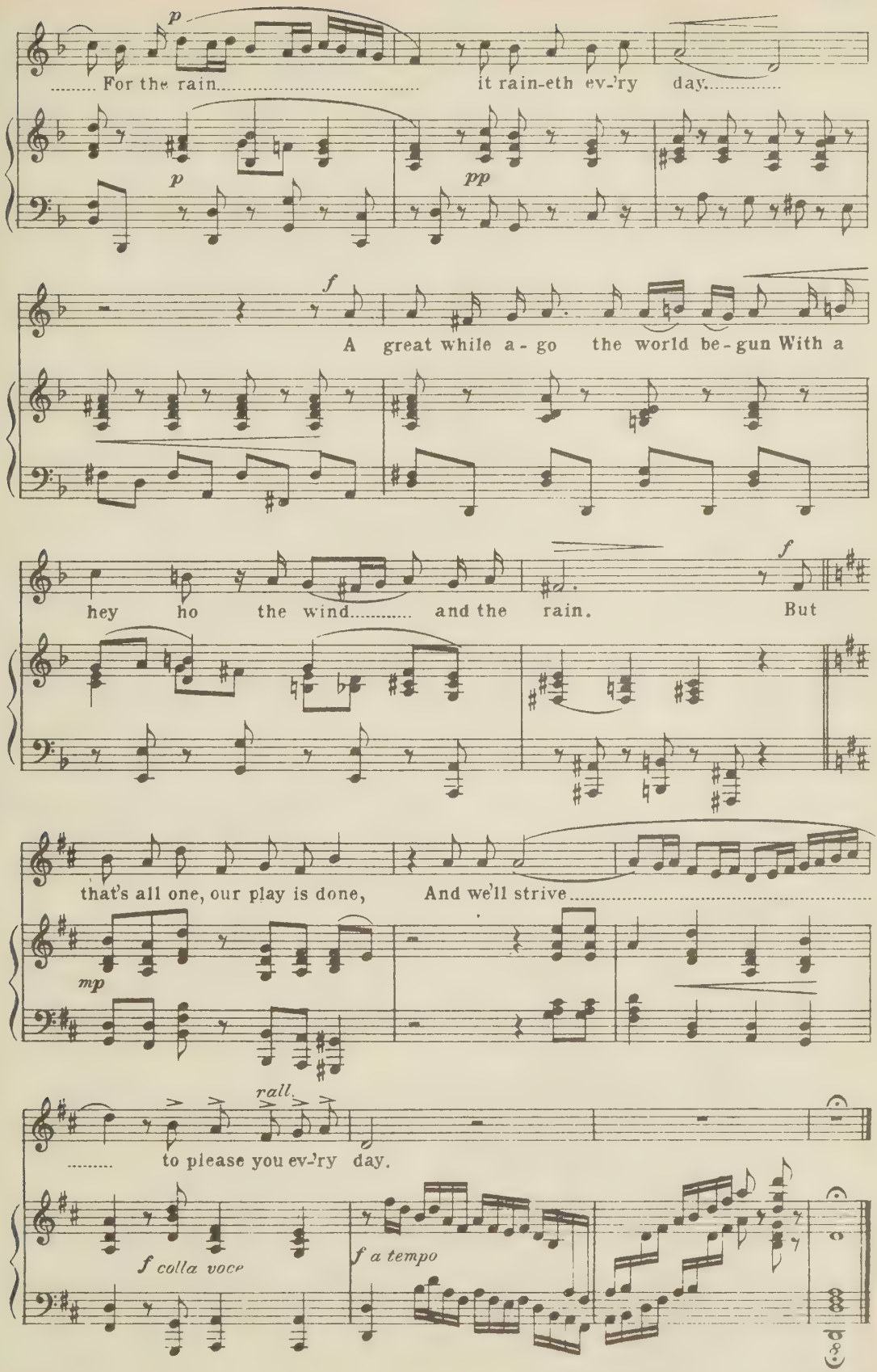
f *p*

..... it rain-eth ev-'ry day..... But

poco rall. *a tempo*

when I came, a-las! to wive, with a hey ho, the wind..... and the

rain, By swag-g'ring I could ne-ver thrive,.....


p
For the rain it rain-eth ev-'ry day.
p
pp
f
A great while a-go the world be-gun With a
hey ho the wind and the rain.
f
But
that's all one, our play is done,
And we'll strive
mp
rall.
to please you ev-'ry day.
f colla voce
f a tempo

TO THE SOUL.

(from "Songs of Faith," Set II)

Poem by
WALT WHITMAN.

Music by
C. V. STANFORD.
Op. 97 No. 4.

Andante solenne.

Voice.

Piano.

mp

Dar - est thou now, O Soul,

p

Walk out with me toward the Un - known Re - gion, Where nei-ther

simile

ground is for the feet, nor a - - ny path..... to fol - low?

pp

No map there, nor guide, Nor voice sound-ing, nor touch of

pp

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hu - man hand,..... Nor face with bloom - ing flesh, nor

lips, nor eyes, are in that land.

mp

p

I know it not, O Soul; Nor dost

pp

pp

thou,- all is a blank be - fore us; All waits, un-

>f

- dream'd of, in that re - gion,- that in-ac-cess - i-ble land.

sf

p

mp poco a poco più moto *cresc.*

Till, when the ties loos-en, All but the ties e - ter - - nal, Time and

cresc.

p *più agitato ed accel.*

Space, Nor dark-ness, grav-i - ta - tion, sense, nor a-ny bounds.....

colla parte *cresc.*

rall. *ff* Tempo I.

bound us. Then we burst

rall. *ff*

rall.

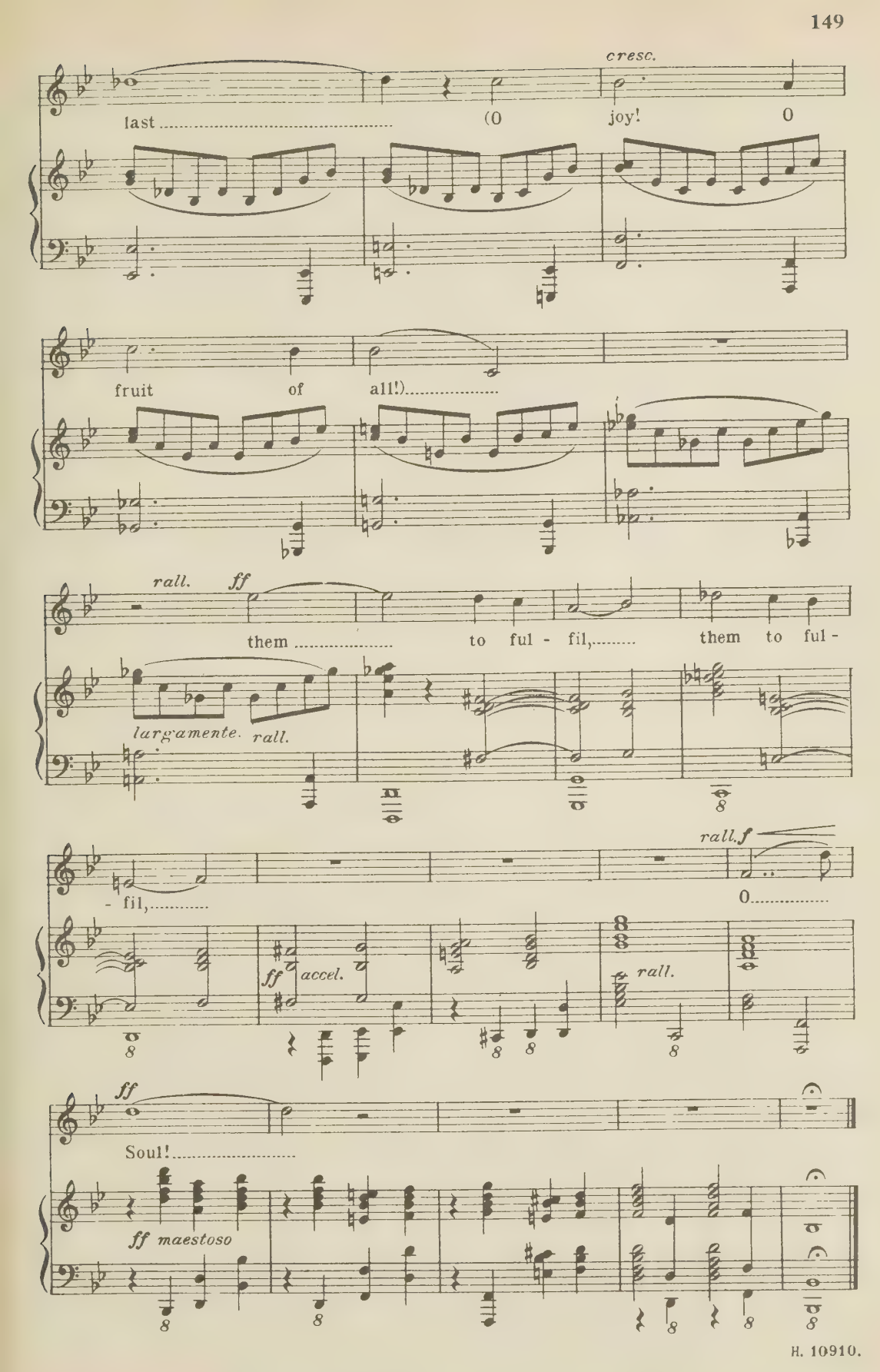
forth, ... we float,..... in Time and Space, O Soul - pre -

p *colla parte*

mf *accel.*

-pared for them;..... E - qual, e - quipt at

cresc. *accel.*


cresc.
last (O joy! O
fruit of all!)
rall. ff
them to ful - fil, them to ful -
largamente. rall.
rall. f
- fil, O
ff accel.
rall.
ff
Soul!
ff maestoso

THE NIGHT PIECE.

(From "To Julia.")

Words by
ROBERT HERRICK.

Music by
ROGER QUILTER.
Op. 8 Nº 4.

Molto allegro e leggiero. (♩ = 100.)

Voice.

Piano.

p

p

Her eyes the glow-worm lend thee, The shoot - ing stars at -

- tend thee; And the elves al - so, Whose lit-tle eyes glow Like the sparks of fire, the

sparks,..... the sparks ..... of

Also published for low voice, in "To Julia" Nº 1. Edition.

Copyright 1906 by Boosey & Cº

fire, ... be-friend thee.

p

No will-o'-the-wisp mis-light thee, Nor

snake or slow-worm bite thee; But on, on thy way Not mak-ing a stay, Since

cresc. *mf*

ghost, ... since ghost ..... there's none .....

mf

..... to af-fright thee.

p *l. h.*

mf

Let not the dark thee cum - ber; What though the moon does slum - ber?

mf

cresc.

The stars of the night Will lend thee their light,..... Like

cresc.

ta-pers clear without num - ber.

f

f

largo con molto espressione.

Then, Ju - - - lia, let me woo

cresc. *poco rit.* *f largo e molto espressivo* *l.h.*

mf

thee, Thus, thus to come..... un - to

mf

mp a tempo — poco cresc.

me; And when I shall meet Thy sil - ver- y

mp — a tempo

cresc. — f — largamente

feet, My soul, my soul.....

cresc. — f — largamente

rit. — a tempo

..... I'll pour in - to

rit. — mp — a tempo

thee.

poco accel.

8 — p — 8

Ped. *

THE MAIDEN BLUSH.

(from "To Julia.")

Words by
ROBERT HERRICK.

Music by
ROGER QUILTER.
Op. 8 Nº 2.

Moderato semplice. (♩ = 80.)

Voice.

Piano.

mp

So look the morn-ings when the sun..... Paints them with fresh ver-mil-i-on:

p

So cher-ries blush, and Kathern pears, And a-pri-cocks... in youth-ful years;..... So cor-als look more love-ly red, And

poco cresc.

poco cresc.

Also published for low Voice in "To Julia" Nº 1 Edition.

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doloe

ru - bies late - ly polish - ed:..... So pur - est

poco rit.

poco cresc. *espressivo*

di - a - per doth shine,..... Stain'd by the beams..... of clar - et wine: As

l. h. *r. h.*

Ju - lia looks when she doth dress..... Her ei-ther cheek, her ei - ther

mf

cheek with bash - - - - ful - ness.....

p a tempo

poco rit.

THE LADS IN THEIR HUNDREDS.

(from "A Shropshire Lad.")

Words by
A. E. HOUSMAN.
(by kind permission of the Author)

Music by
ARTHUR SOMERVELL.

Allegretto ma con molto espressione.

Voice. Piano.

mf The lads in their hun-dreds to Lud-low come in to the fair, There's men from the barn and the forge and the mill and the fold, The lads for the girls, and the lads for the li-quor are there, And

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espress.

there with the rest are the lads that will ne - ver be old.

mf

mf

There's

chaps from the town and the field and the till and the cart, And

man - y to count are the stal-wart and man - y the brave, And

man - y the hand-some of face and the hand-some of heart; And

espress.

few that will car-ry their looks or their truth to the grave.

mf

meno mosso

I

wish one could know them, I wish there were to-kens to tell The

for-tun-ate fel-lows that now you can ne-ver dis-cern; And

then one could talk to them friend-ly and wish them fare-

- well,..... And watch them depart on the way that they will not re - -

Tempo I.

turn.

p

pp

But

now you may stare as you like but there's no-thing to scan; And

pp

brush-ing your el-bow un-guessed at and not to be told They

cresc. *f rall.*

car - ry back bright to the coin - er the min - tage of man, — The

f rall.

ff

lads that will die in their glo - ry, the lads..... that will

rall.

die in their glo - ry and ne - ver be old.....

rall. *ff*

rit.

MISTRESS MINE.

(from "An Album of Twelve Songs")

Words by
SHAKESPEARE.
(From "Twelfth Night")

Music by
RICHARD H. WALTHEW.

Allegro leggiero.

Voice.

Piano.

mp

Oh Mis-tress mine, where are you roam-ing? Mis - tress mine! Oh, stay and hear; your true love's com-ing, That can sing both high and low; Trip no fur-ther, pret - ty sweet-ing, Jour-neys end in lo - vers meet-ing, Ev - 'ry

scherzando

pp

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wise man's son doth know, Ev - 'ry wise man's son..... doth

rit.

rit.

know.

mp a tempo.

What is love? 'tis not here - af - ter, What is

love? Pre - sent mirth hath pre - sent laugh - ter;

What's to come is still un - sure:

scherzando

In de - lay there lies..... no plen - ty; Then come

pp

kiss me, sweet and twen - ty, Youth's a stuff will not en -

rit.

- dure, Youth's a stuff will not..... en -

rit.

dure. Mis - tress mine,

f *sf*

rit

where are you roam - ing? Mis - tress mine!

p col canto

To my Mother.

THE OULD LAD.

Words by
MOIRA O'NEILL.
from "Songs of the Glens of Antrim"
(by permission of the Authoress)

Music by
HAMILTON HARTY.

Voice.

Piano.

I mind me-self a wee boy wi'

rit. *p*

no plain talk, An' stand - in' not the height o' two peats; There was

things me-self con-sat - ed 'or the time that I could walk, An'

mf

espressivo

who's to tell when wit an' chil-der meets? 'Twas the dai-sies down in the

p

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low grass, The stars high up in the skies, The

first I knowed of a moth-er's face Wi' the kind love in her eyes, Och,

rit.

Och! The kind love in.... her eyes.

dim. *rit.*

I went the way of oth-er lads that's

f *dim.* *p*

nei-ther good nor bad, An' still, d' ye see, a lad has far to

go; But the things me-self con-sat-ed when I was-n't sick nor sad, They're

p

ai-sy told, an' lit-tle use to know. 'Twas whiles a boat on the

cresc.

say be-yont, An' whiles a girl on the shore, An'

whiles a scrape o' the fid-dle - strings, Or.... may-be an odd thing

f scherz.

f

more, In troth!..... May-be an odd thing

p

more..... A

f *cresc.*

vigoroso

man, they say, in spite of all, is bet - ther for a wife, In -

sf *sf*

- und-her this ould roof I live me lone; I nev-er seen the wo-man yet I

cresc. *f*

want - ed all me life, An' I nev - er made me

sf

pil - low on a stone. 'Tis "fan - cy buys the rib - bon" and all, An'

fan - cy sticks to the young; But a man of his years can do wi' a pipe, Can

dim.

smoke an'hould his tongue, D' ye mind? Smoke an'hould his

pp

dim. *poco rit.* *pp*

tongue.

poco rit. Tempo I.

ff *p*

Ped. *

Ye see me now an ould man, his

work near done, Sure the hair up-on me head's gone white; But the

things meself consated 'or the time that I could run, They're the nearest to me heart this

pp

espressivo

night. Just the dai - sies down in the low grass, The

sempre Ped.

stars high up in the skies, The first I knowed of a

mo - ther's face Wi' the kind love in her eyes, Och,

rall.

Och! The kind love in her eyes.

rall.

pp

Ped.

For Mabel and Edwin Lee.

VILLANELLE.

Words by
ERNEST DOWSON.

CYRIL SCOTT.
Op.33 No 3.

Slowly as if a lullaby.

Voice.

Piano.

p

pp

Come hi - ther, child, and rest, This is the end of..... day, Be - hold the wea - ry West!..... Sleep rounds with e - - qual zest Man's toil and chil - dren's

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play, — Come hi - ther, child, and rest, and

rest..... My white bird, seek thy

nest, Thy droop - ing head down lay, Be -

- hold the wea - ry West! Now eve is man - i -

mf

-fest And home - ward lies our way, — Be

-hold the wea - ry West!

mf *mf* *dim.*

mp

Tired flow - er! up - on my breast

mp

mf

I would wear thee al - way,— Come hi-ther, child, and

mf

rit. *p tranquillo* *pp*

rest,— Be - hold the wea - ry West!

rit.

pp

To J. W. H.

CAROL OF THE SKIDDAW YOWES.

Words by
ERNEST CASSON.

Music by
IVOR GURNEY.

Quasi Andante.

Voice.

Piano.

p

The shep-herds on the fell - side That is by Beth - a - ny, Had not on fin - ger Red-der blains than we: Je - su..... that is God's light,.... Warm us in..... ..... the cold night. ..... The

mp *dim.* *dim.* *p* *pp* *p* *pp*

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yowes that men were mind - ing Long and long a - go,

cresc. mf

Were not more like to die Than ours in the snow:

cresc. mf

dim. p

Je - su, ... that knows Thy sheep,..... Skid-daw yowes.....

dim. p

pp p

..... tend and keep. The

pp

an-gels that were sing - ing, Long and long a - gone,

p

Ped. ✻

Were not a whi-ter host Than snow-flakes falling down; Je - su,.....

mp

p

mp

..... the true fold,..... Gird us on ..... the rocks cold. .....

p

dim.

p dim.

pp

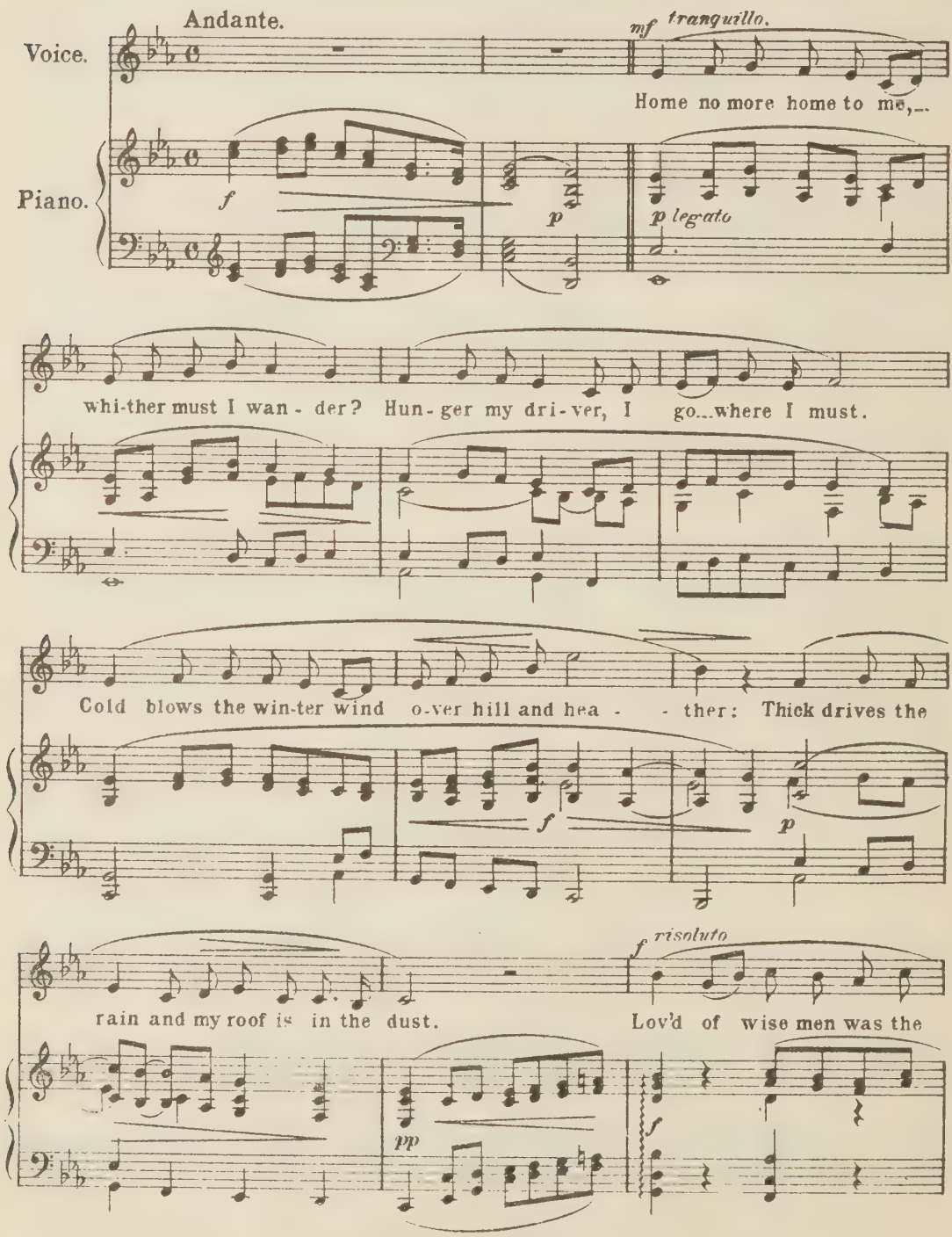
.....

pp

WHITHER MUST I WANDER?

Words by
ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON.

Music by
R. VAUGHAN WILLIAMS.



Also published separately in C & D minor.

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ff *poco rit.*

shade of my roof-tree, The true word of wel-come was spo-ken in the door:—

ff *poco rall.*

p *a tempo* *pp*

Dear days of old... with the fa-ces in the fire - - light; Kind folks of

pp a tempo *pp*

old, you come a-gain no more.

colla voce *f* *p*

mf

Home was home then, my dear, full of kind-ly fa - ces, Home was home then, my dear,

p

hap-py for the child. Fire and the win-dows bright glitter'd on the moor -

dim.

land; Song, tune-ful song, built a pa-lace in the wild.

pp

risoluto

f

Now when day dawns on the brow of the moor-land, Lone stands the house and the

f

ff

poco rit.

a tempo

p

chim-ney-stone is cold. Lone let it stand now the friends are all de-part -

ff

poco rit.

pp

- ed, The kind hearts, the true hearts, that lov'd the place of old.

colla voce

f

p

pp

Spring shall come, come a-gain, call-ing up the moor-fowl, Spring shall bring the sun and rain,

pp legato

bring the bees and flowers; Red shall the heather bloom o-ver hill and val -

- ley, Soft flow the stream through the e-ven flowing hours.

pp

Fair the day shine as it shone on my child-hood; Fair shine the day on the

f

ff *poco rit.* *pp* *a tempo*

house with o-pen door. Birds come and cry there and twit-ter in the chim - -

poco rit *pp* *a tempo*

molto rall.

- ney_ But I go for e - ver and come a-gain no more.

colla voce

Dedicated to
Miss Ada Crossley.

THE SPLENDOUR FALLS.

Words by
TENNYSON.
(by permission of Messrs Macmillan & Co)

Music by
R. H. WALTHEW.

Poco allegretto.

Voice.

Piano.

mf

Ped.

The splen-dour falls ..... on cas-tle walls ..... And snow-y sum-mits old in sto-ry: ..... The long light shakes ..... a-cross the lakes, ... And the wild cat-a-ract leaps in

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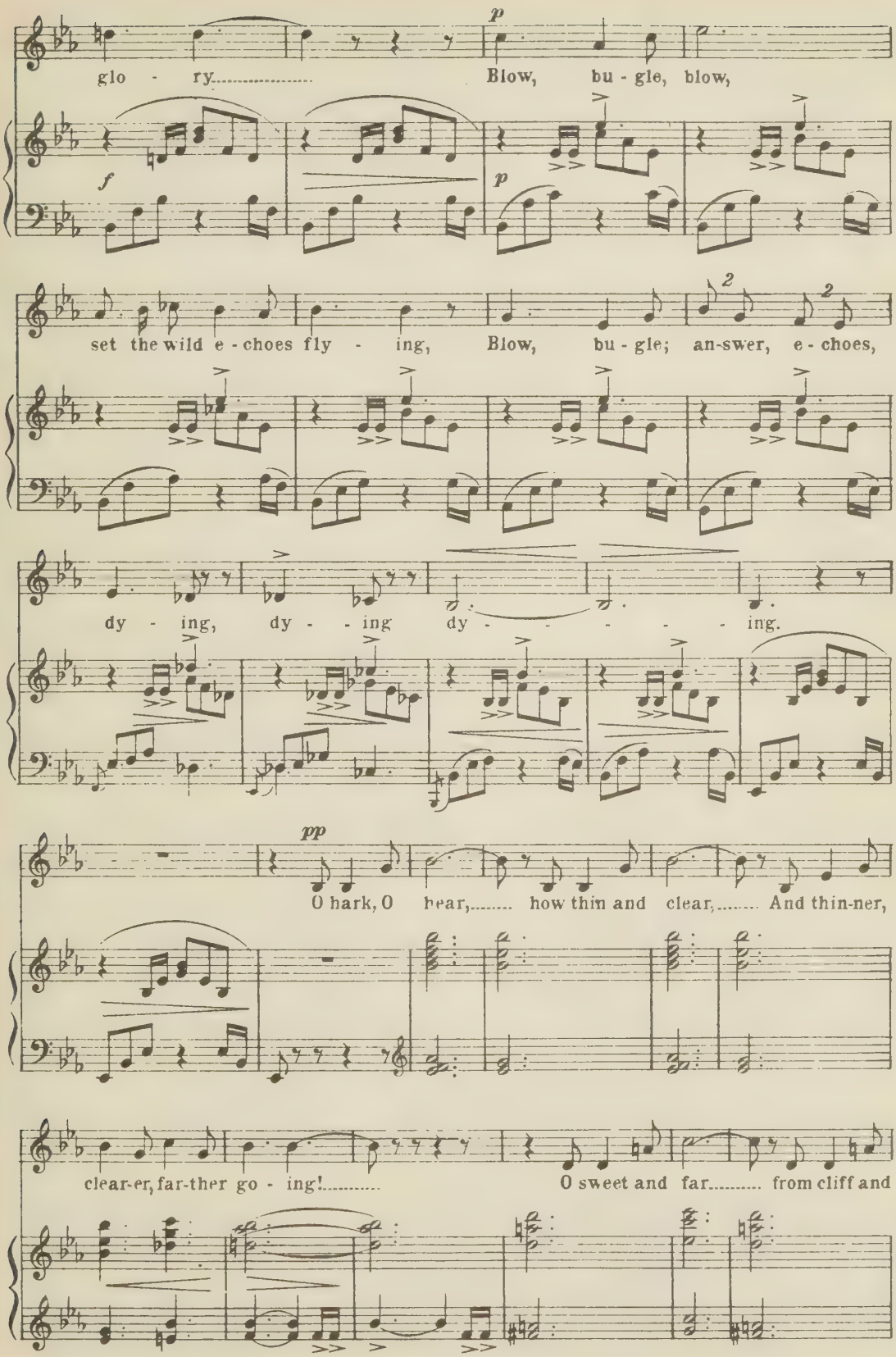

p
glo - ry..... Blow, bu - gle, blow,
f
p
set the wild e - choes fly - ing, Blow, bu - gle; an-swer, e - choes,
dy - ing, dy - - ing dy - - - - - ing.
pp
O hark, O hear,..... how thin and clear,..... And thin-ner,
clear-er, far-ther go - ing!..... O sweet and far..... from cliff and

sempre pp

scar..... The horns of Elf-land faint-ly blow - ing!..... Blow, let us

f

hear the pur - ple glens re - ply - ing: Blow, bu-gle; an-swer, e-choes, dy - ing,

p

dy - ing, dy - - - - - - - ing

O love, they die..... in yon rich sky,.....

..... They faint on hill or field or ri - ver:.....

con entusiasmo

Our e - choes roll..... from soul to soul,.....

poco rit. *a tempo*

..... And grow for ev - er and for ev - er.....

colla voce *f a tempo*

p

Blow, bu - gle, blow, set the wild e - choes fly - ing,

p

Blow, bu - gle, an-swer, ech-oes, dy - ing, dy - ing,

dy - - - - - ing.....

THERE'S A BOWER OF ROSES.

(from "The Veiled Prophet.")

Words by
THOMAS MOORE.

Music by
C. V. STANFORD.

Andante tranquillo.

Voice.

Piano.

p

con molto espressione.

There's a bo-wer of..... ro - ses by.....

sempre arpeggiando e stacc.

Ben - de - meer's stream, And the night-in-gale sings round it all the day.....

long;..... In the time of my child-hood 'twas like a sweet.....

Also published separately in this Key, and G & F minor, with simplified accompaniment.

H. 10910.

dream, To sit in the..... ro - ses and hear..... the bird's

song. That bow'r and its

ro - ses I..... ne - ver for - get,..... But oft..... when a-

- lone, in the bloom of the year,..... I think_ is the

night-in-gale..... sing - ing there yet? Are the ro - ses still....

p

bright on the calm..... Ben - de-meer?

Agitato.

mf

No, the ro - ses soon

pp

wi - therd that..... hung o'er..... the wave,..... But some

cresc.

blos - soms were ga - ther'd, while bright - ly they shone,.....

cresc.

..... And a dew was dis - till'd..... from their

flow'rs,..... that gave All the fra - grance of.....

sum - mer, when sum - - - - - - - - mer has.....

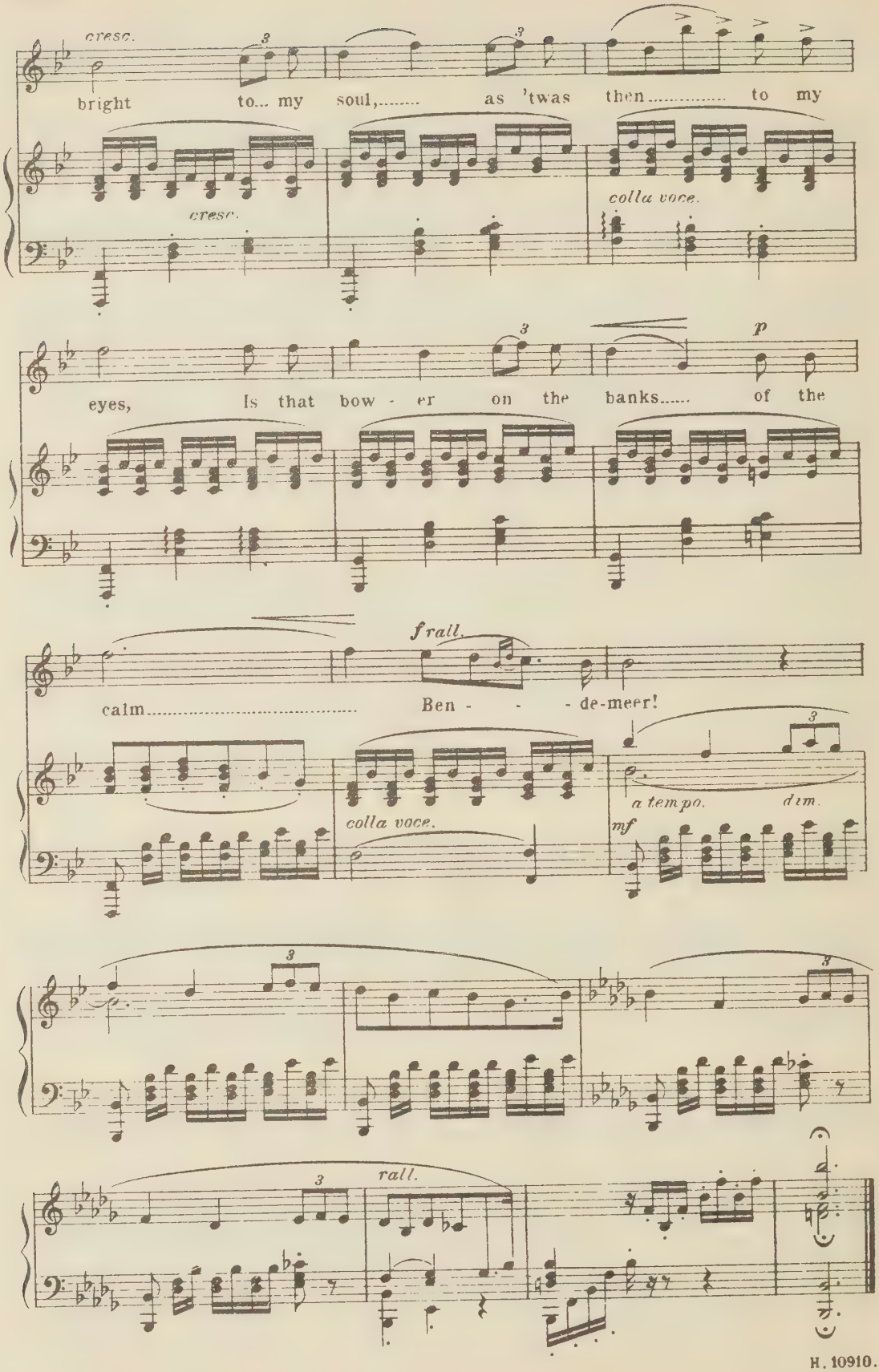
Più lento.

gone. Thus me - mo-ry

pp

draws from de - light, ere it..... dies,..... An es-sence that.....

breathes of it ma-ny a year; And


cresc.
bright to... my soul,..... as 'twas then..... to my
cresc.
colla voce.
eyes, Is that bow - er on the banks..... of the
p
calm..... Ben - - - de-meer!
f rall.
colla voce.
a tempo.
dim.
mf
rall.

ROW, BURNIE, ROW.

Words by
WALTER C. SMITH. D. D.

Music by
H. BURGESS WESTON.

Allegretto.

Molto legato

Voice.

Piano.

una corda.

Ped. * Ped. *

mp

Row, burn - ie, row Through the brack - en glen;.....

p

Ped. * Ped. *

Row, burn - ie, row..... By the haunts of men;

Where the gold - en cows-lips glint, Through the wild thyme and the mint,

mf

tre corde

Ped. Ped.

Also published separately in D. Eb. F. & G.

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By the bar-ley and the lint,– Row, burn - ie, row.....

a tempo

poco rit - - en - u - - to

una corda.

Ped.

pp

Row, burn - ie, row,

pp

Ped. * Ped. * Ped. *

Tink-ling un-der heather bells; Row, burn - ie, row Down to where my true love

Ped. * Ped. * Ped.

mp

dwells;– Sing-ing songs down to the sea, Sing-ing of the hill coun-trie,

p tre corde.

Ped. Ped. Ped. Ped.

Sing - ing to my love from me, Row, burn - ie, row.....

poco a poco rit.

a tempo

mf una corda

p

pp

mp

Row, burn - ie, row To him that's far a - wa',

mf

tre corde.

p

allargando.

Row, burn - ie row, And mind him o' us a'.

Say there's nae-thing I re-gret, Say I ne - ver can for-get,

cre - - scen - - - do ri - te

allargando

Say I love him dear - ly yet:

- nu - to

allargando

più a tempo

Row, burn - ie,..... row.....

ri - tar - dan - do

p a tempo

Row, burn - ie, row

rit.

Through the gow - ans white,..... Row, burn - ie, row, ...

Ped. * Ped. * Ped. * Ped. *

Gleam - ing in the light:..... Let il - ka rip-ple bear Fond kiss-es

mf

dim. *mf un poco meno mosso.*

Ped. * Ped. * Ped. Ped.

to him there; O my heart it's long-ing sair,– Row, burn - ie, row.....

dim. e ri - - tar - dan - - do

Ped. Ped.

mf de - cre - scen - do *ppp*

8

Ped. *

To
Mrs Goetz.
(Miss Muriel Foster)

(15/15)

SCYTHE SONG.

Words by
RICCARDO STEPHENS.

Music by
HAMILTON HARTY.

Tranquil but not too slow.

Voice.

Piano.

p dolcissimo

sempre Ped. e una corda

She wak-ened in the ear-ly morn of June, To a soft tune The

legato

scythe song, made by mow-ers, when they pass Through the green

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grass..... What time the dew-drops

dim. *mf*

glisten on the lawn,..... In the grey.....

poco rit. *poco rit.*

a tempo

dawn..... "This is the sound" she thought, "of sum-mer

pp

sempre Ped.

days,..... Heat, and soft.....

p

..... haze, Of night-in-gales, and dream-ing drow-sy

Ped.

nights, And dim de - lights,

poco rit. *a tempo*

Sum - - mer! So much to take, so much

mf *poco rit.* *a tempo* *p*

poco rit.

to give, 'Tis sweet,

dim. *poco rit.*

Vivace.

sweet to live"

l. h. 10 Vivace. *pp*

Ped. ✻ Ped. *e una Corda*

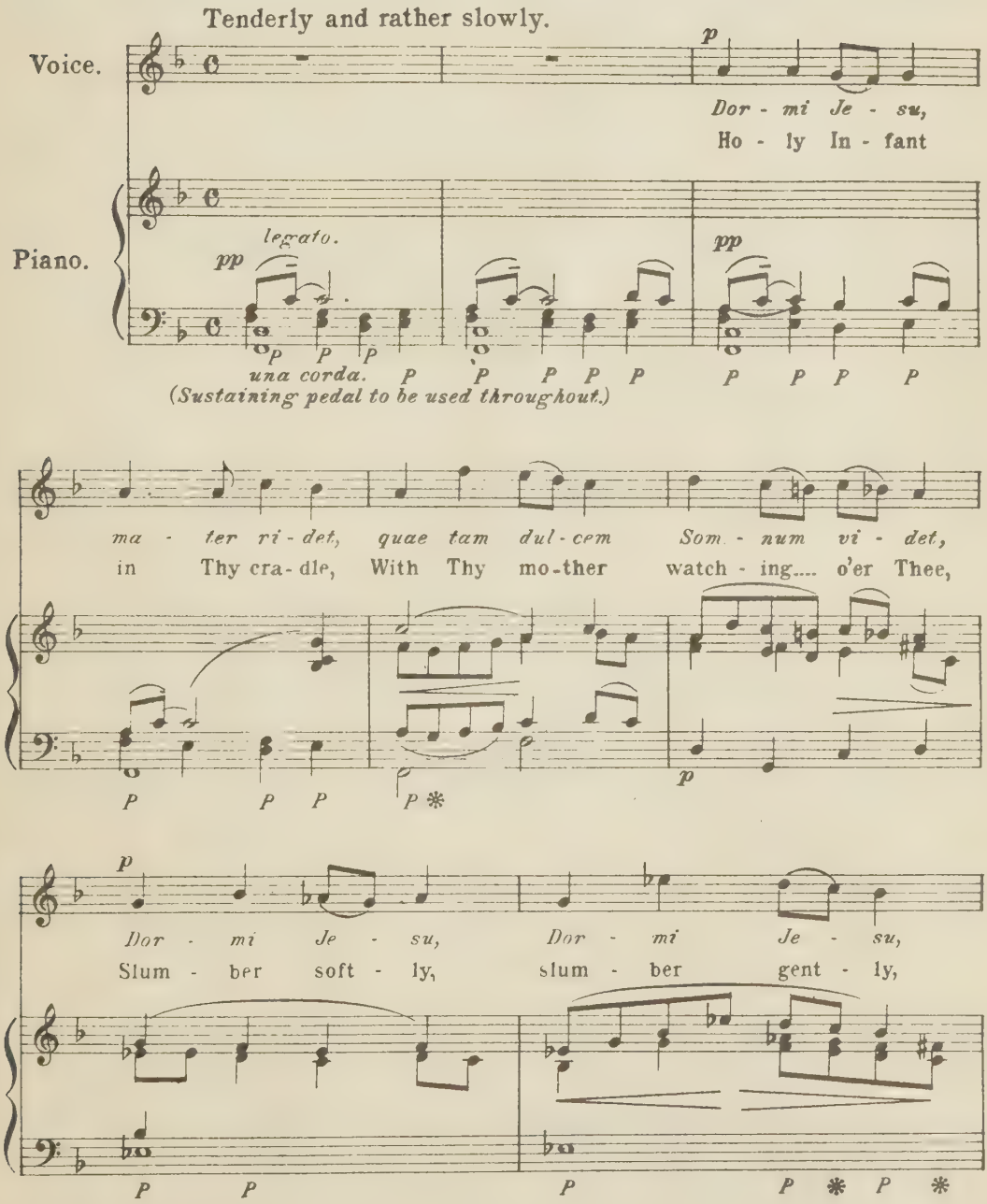
morendo

To
Miss Muriel Foster.

THE VIRGIN'S CRADLE-HYMN.

The Latin from an old print of the Virgin and Child.
English adaptation by ARTHUR CHARLTON.

Music by
HERBERT FRYER.
Op. 20, No. 1.



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pp rall.

Dor - mi Je - su, Blan - du - le, blan - du - le.

In her lov - ing care, rest sweet Babe, peace - ful - ly.

pp rall.

mf p f mp p

tre corde

(with soft Ped.)

p

Si non dor - mis ma - ter plo - rat,

As she bends to gaze up - on Thee,

a tempo

pp rit. pp legato.

(Soft Pedal)

(Soft Pedal to the end)

mf p

In - ter fi - la can - tans..... o - rat;

From her lips.... a prayer falls..... soft - ly;

p rit.

p

Blan - de, blan - de, ve - - ni, somnu - le,

Is there in.... her heart a sor - row?

pp

Ped. P P P P P * P P P P P P

Blan - de, ve - ni, somnu - le, som - nu - le,

For she, weep - ing, rocks Thee ten - der - ly.

pp pp

P P P P P * P P * P *

p pp rall.

Dor - mi Je - su, Dor - mi, dor - mi, Dor - mi, Je - su,

Ho - ly.... In - fant, slum - ber gent - ly, Bless - ed Je - su,

pp pp rall.

P * P P P P P P P * P

ppp rall.

blan - du - le, blan - du - le.

slum - ber peace - ful - ly.

pp rall. - ppp

P P * P * P P P Ped.

To my Sister.

A GREEN CORNFIELD.

Words by
CHRISTINA ROSSETTI.

Music by
MICHAEL HEAD.

Allegretto. *(peacefully.)*

Piano.

pp *poco cresc.* *mp*

con Ped.

(simply) *p*

The earth was green, the

dim. *p*

Ped. ✻

sky was blue: I saw and heard one sun-ny morn A

pp *p poco rit.*

sky-lark hang be-tween the two, A singing speck a-bove the corn;

colla voce *p*

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a tempo

a tempo *poco cresc.* - - - *mp*

p molto rit. - - - *ten.*

The corn - - field..... stretch'd a

molto rit.

a tempo

ten-der green..... To right and left.... be - - side my walks;

a tempo

poco accel. *poco largamente* *mf*

I knew he had a nest un-seen Some-where a-mong the mil-lion

poco largamente

mp *poco accel.* *mf*

rit. - - - Meno mosso.

pp ten. ten.

stalks: And as I paus'd to hear his song While

Meno mosso

p

rit.

poco accel. rall. (pp) a tempo

swift the sun - ny mo - ments slid, ...

poco accel. rall. a tempo p

Ped. *

p poco rit. - - -

Per - haps his mate sat list'ning long,..... And

p poco rit. - - -

rit. - - - - -

pp

listen'd, lis - - ten'd long-er than I did.

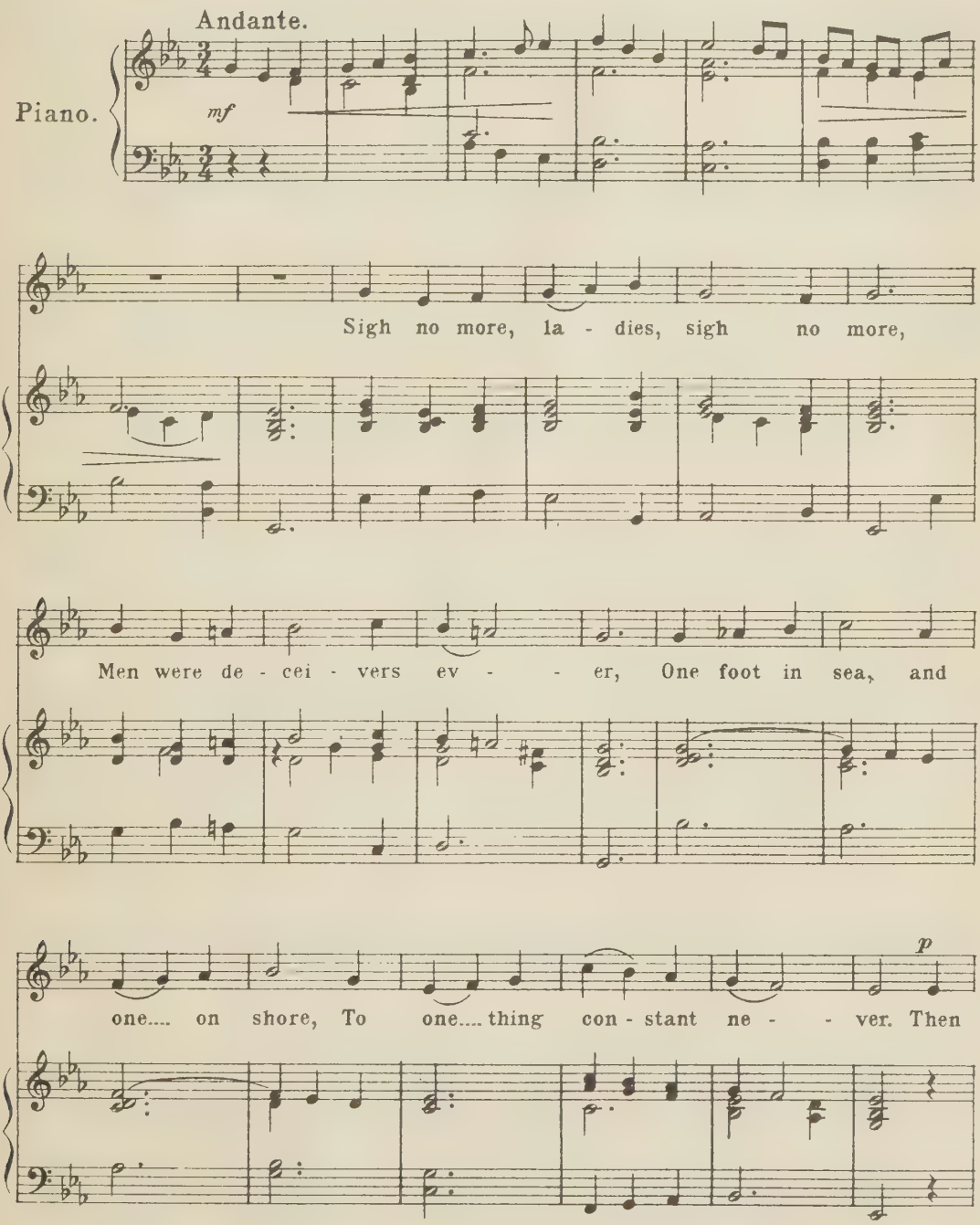
colla voce pp p rit.

SIGH NO MORE, LADIES.

This Song was in the original fifty chosen by the Society of English Singers and omitted in error. It has therefore been decided to introduce it as an additional Song to the fifty appearing in the first edition.

Words by
SHAKESPEARE.

Music by
FREDERICK KEEL.



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f

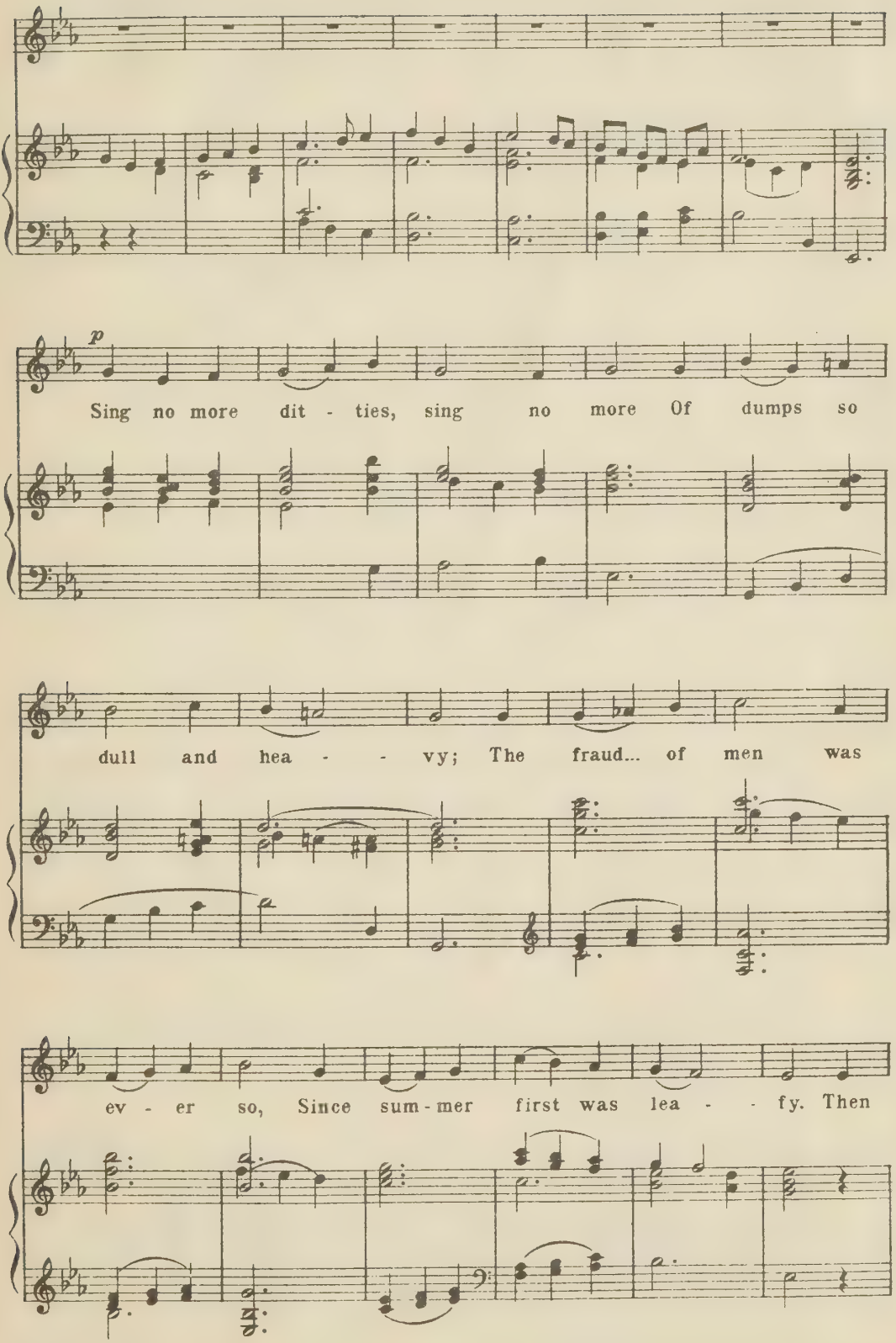
sigh not so, but let..... them go, And be..... you

p *f*

blithe and bon - - ny, Con - vert - ing all..... your

sounds of..... woe In - to hey non-ny non-ny,.... hey non-ny

non-ny,.... hey non-ny non-ny non-ny non-ny non - - ny.


p
Sing no more dit - ties, sing no more Of dumps so
dull and hea - - vy; The fraud... of men was
ev - er so, Since sum - mer first was lea - - fy. Then

sigh not so, But let..... them go, And be..... you blithe and

ff

bon - ny, Con - vert - ing all... your sounds of... woe In - to

hey non-ny non-ny,.... hey non-ny non-ny,.... hey non-ny

nonny nonny nonny non - ny, Hey, hey, non-ny. .....

rall.

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Music

Society of English Singers
(comp.)
Fifty modern English songs